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JOHN JOHNSTON  
OF NEW YORK  
MERCHANT  
1781-1851









*John Johnston*



JOHN JOHNSTON  
OF NEW YORK  
MERCHANT

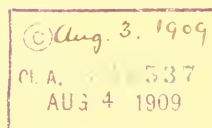
BY  
EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST



"SAWNEY LENT THE MAN HIS MULL  
"AND THE MULL WAS LENT BY *Sawney*""

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BY EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST



TO MY  
CHILDREN  
AND GRANDCHILDREN  
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE  
THIS BOOK





## FOREWORD

I HAVE sought in the following pages to tell the story of the life of my paternal grandfather, John Johnston, chiefly as it is set forth in his journals and letters. In 1804, at the age of twenty-three, he came from Scotland to New York with a total capital, according to his carefully kept note-book, of \$132.89, and by his own energy and industry raised himself to a prominent position in the merchant guild of his adopted city.

In the references to his Scotch parents I have not sought to trace their origin—a family duty which has been undertaken by my cousin, John Humphreys Johnston. It is enough for all purposes of this sketch to know, as my cousin has told me, that our forebears were of gentle blood and fallen fortunes—a combination only too well known in Galloway, as the result of civil and religious upheaval and spoliation, during the Revolution and Covenanting persecutions.

## FOREWORD

I wish here to record my indebtedness not only to the members of the family of James Boorman Johnston, my father's brother, who have freely allowed me to use the papers in their possession, but also to the cousins in Galloway, who have granted me the same kind privilege.

E. J. de F.

7 Washington Square,  
June, 1909.

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JOHN JOHNSTON  
OF NEW YORK  
MERCHANT  
1781-1851



## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD AND SCOTCH HOME

1781-1804

**T**O tell the story of John Johnston of New York it is necessary to begin with some account of his parents and of his Scotch home. His father, for whom he was named, was born in the rugged and picturesque County of Galloway, at a farm situated in Balmaghie Parish, on the banks of the River Dee, then as now called "Boateroft,"—"croft" meaning a farm. Nearby was a ferry operated by my grandfather's father when he was a boy; this was superseded in time by the Glenlochar bridge, whose stone arches now span the river near the little group of farm buildings which still nestle among the trees.

Sympathetic accounts of this country are given in "The Men of the Moss Hags" and "Raiderland—All about Gray Galloway" by S. R. Crockett, the author, who was born at the "Little Duchrae Farm," not far from Boateroft. Still another book, "The Black Douglas," describes the great Douglas tournaments of the olden times as taking place at Glenlochar, and the "Lists" as being "set up on the level meadow that is now called the Boat Croft."

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

It was probably while living at Boatcroft, in 1780, that John Johnston married Dorothea Proudfoot, one of three sisters, from the neighboring town of Moffat.

After his marriage the young man rented Barn-board Mill and farm, in Balmaghie Parish, two miles from his old home, and took his young wife there to live. This farm, part of the estate of Balmaghie, consisted of about ninety acres, through which ran a little rippling "burn," which furnished power for the mills—a tiny "lint" mill and a larger grist mill. To the latter all the neighbors brought their grain to be ground, while in the little lint mill flax was so treated that it could be spun into linen thread.

The farm is picturesquely situated on rolling ground, the mill and farm buildings standing in a little dell shadowed by many fine trees; these trees were all planted by John Johnston the elder, who beautified in a simple way any place in which he lived. At Barn-board Mill, on June 22, 1781, his son John, the subject of this sketch, was born, and there he spent his childhood.

Dorothea Proudfoot was a woman of beautiful character and her son felt that he owed a great deal to his "good mother." In his journals and letters he always spoke of her with deep tenderness and in later years wrote of her:

"My mother was a pious woman who was at great pains early to impress upon my mind a knowledge of divine truth—at her earnest solicitation, I read the Bible & because I saw it gave her pleasure I actually became attached to it; and I recollect that I was much delighted to hear her talk of heavenly things & fre-



BARNBOARD MILL

THE ORIGINAL MILL COTTAGE IS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE





quently slipt to her room door & listened whilst she was at prayer (and in these prayers I always heard myself warmly remembered). I was very rigid too in the performance of what I called prayer & used regularly to repeat, morning & evening, certain forms which she taught me—so zealous was I in this duty that if I had omitted it in going to Bed I used to get up in the course of the night, kneel before my Bedside naked as I was, & repeat them. I was likewise very fond of learning & repeating Psalms & Hymns & used generally to say them over until I fell asleep. In this manner I acted until my mother's death, which happened when I was about 13 years of age, when being in a good measure left to my own government, my goodness soon appeared to be like the morning Cloud or early Dew—I soon forgot all her good advices."

As long as Dorothea was able, she rode to Balmaghie Church on Sundays on the same horse with her husband, but when this was no longer possible on account of ill-health, she remained at home and devoted herself to teaching her son his catechism. An old woman named Tibbie Geddes, who used to live near Barnboard Mill, in later years loved to tell of having found my grandfather, during one of his visits to his old home, probably in 1814, sitting on a stone at the burn side, "greeting;" and of his saying, "You will think me childish, but this is where my mother used to sit, and wash my face and comb my hair and teach me my Psalm and questions on the Sabbath day when they were all at church, whither she was too delicate to go."

"On June 1, 1794," as we read in her epitaph,

“Dorothea Proudfoot, Spouse to John Johnston, miller, Barnboard, departed this life after nine months severe affliction, which she bore with exemplary fortitude and Christian resignation—in the 36th year of her age.”

Her thirteen-year-old son, her only child, was sent on horseback to the eight-miles distant town of Kirkcudbright to buy white stockings and gloves “in which to dress her body.” She was buried in Balmaghie Churchyard, where her husband’s father (William Johnston) and his wife (Janet McCreedy), who had been living with them at Barnboard, were interred shortly afterwards.

Crockett, many of whose ancestors are buried here, writes of this lovely spot, “Over the hill yonder in the Balmaghie Kirkyard, the sweetest and the sunniest God’s Acre in Scotland,” and quotes the supposed words of the great “Cameronian Apostle,” John Macmillan, describing the churchyard of this, his new parish: “To me it was like the calm of the New Jerusalem. And, indeed, no place that ever I have seen can be so blessedly quiet as the bonny kirk-knowe of Balmaghie, mirrored on a windless day in the encircling stillness of the Water of Dee.”

The first money saved by the son after he had gone to America, was sent back to Scotland for the purpose of putting up a tombstone to the memory of his mother, and he never visited Scotland without going to see her grave or without being “very much affected thereby.” The first headstone was a modest one, for which he sent exact measurements and an inscription. It was to be in brown stone, “plain & neat, as carving I dislike,” painted white with black lettering, and was

THE BALMAGHIE KIRKYARD





to be repainted at his expense whenever defaced. This was replaced after his half-brother Alexander's death by the present more elaborate monument.

During John's boyhood, one of his greatest pleasures was to visit his Aunt Jane Proudfoot, his mother's sister. Her cottage was on the banks of the "bonny Moffat water" and constituted part of "Dumcrief," the estate of Dr. Currie, the well-known editor of Burns's works. Here John spent many happy days, fishing in the river or picking gooseberries in his aunt's lovely garden. Fishing was one of his great delights, and even during subsequent visits to Dumcrief he always found a few spare moments to indulge in his favorite pastime. On one of these occasions he wrote, "This is almost the only place that appears as lovely in reality as my imagination had painted it. I consider the time that I spent in my visits to Dumcrief as the most happy of my youthful days."

My grandfather attended school in the neighboring village of Laurieston, and also at Boreland. The education thought necessary to fit a boy for life was very meagre in that simple region, and he complained later of this deficiency and took every opportunity to supplement it. The course of study consisted chiefly of arithmetic and book-keeping, and the kind of instruction received may be gathered from a letter he wrote many years later:

"Of the three masters that I attended not one taught English Grammar, or considered it necessary. The last one indeed I importuned to teach me and was accordingly allowed to learn to repeat it by rote like a Parrot, my judgment was never exercised and



I left off just as wise as I began. Latin was universally given up as good for nothing; French was not understood neither was good penmanship. Book-keeping and mensuration, no matter how written, were considered as all that was necessary to complete a good education and on these I lost some of the most precious of my time. I say *lost* not because I consider them altogether useless, but because things of equal importance ought to have been attended to at the same time; a man with such an education may be a Scholar among Clowns, but he is only a Clown among Scholars!

“I have long ago felt the errors of my education in their full force. Many a blush has my miserable penmanship and gross ignorance cost me, and many an hour hard study when I had more need of relaxation. By this means I have recovered a part of what I had lost, but much is irrecoverably gone.”

At Boreland he formed a lasting friendship for one of his schoolmates, Samuel Haining, who later became a clergyman with a parish on the Isle of Man.

The elder John was a kind and genial man, dependent upon a wife and family for his happiness, and in 1795, a year after Dorothea's death, married Margaret Rae, a capable and affectionate woman. She made him a good wife and bore him ten children—Jessie (Janet), 1796; Agnes (Nanny), 1797; William, 1800; Samuel, 1802; Robert, 1804; James, 1806; Jeanie, 1808; Alexander, 1810; Margaret, 1813; and Dorothea (Dolly), 1816.

As has been said, John's education consisted chiefly in preparing him to fill an accountant's position, and no assistance of this kind being needed in his father's



WILLIAM JOHNSTON OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT



simple affairs, and it being necessary that he should now begin to support himself, he was sent in 1798, a lad of seventeen, to the seaport town of Kirkeudbright, where for five or six years he “served his time” learning practical book-keeping, etc., in the counting-house of William Johnston, who was, however, no relation, or, at most, a very distant one.

His employer was thirteen years his senior, but the friendship begun at this time was the most important of his early days and was destined to be of life-long duration, with only one break, which will be alluded to later. A touching change took place in the relationship between these two; as a boy John looked up to and depended greatly on his older friend, but with larger opportunity developed more fully, so that as time passed, William, who had always loved him and had been so great a help to him in his youth, came to have a deep admiration for him as well. We notice in one of his letters that William liked “a plain open hearted good lad, not one stuff’d fue o’ pride like a Goose with Scallions & Pepper at Christmas.” He apparently found that this lad answered the description, while John, on the other hand, once wrote to a friend then occupying a position similar to his own earlier one:

“With regard to Mr. J. I think I know him well—he is a man of a very hasty temper, but his passion is but of a moment’s continuance—his heart under a rough surface contains a great quantity of the milk of human kindness & his friendships when formed are lasting. . . . Obey his orders with cheerfulness, always showing a disposition to anticipate his wishes, which, independent of its being your duty, will save you

many an hours bitterness & enable you to finish your two remaining years with both pleasure & profit to yourself."

The young man became an inmate of William's household, where he was made to feel entirely at home and where he always stayed when, in later years, he revisited Kirkcudbright. According to William's daughters, he was kind and considerate, and, although working diligently, early and late, in the counting-house, devoted every spare moment to study, poring over his books in the evening by the light of a candle. "I had an insatiable thirst for reading," he wrote later, "but having no person to direct my choice of Books I unfortunately chose those that were least calculated for improvement;—namely, Romances, Novels, Plays & sometimes History.—In fact I read promiscuously all that came to hand."

Here began his great love of books and of reading, a taste that ever increased during his life and that was inherited by his sons. Every penny he could spare was always spent on books. What would not he and William, also fond of reading, have given for the privilege of using the beautiful library since built in the town of Kirkcudbright. The value William Johnston placed upon education, was shown by the fact that he bequeathed money to build and endow the Johnston Free School, still in existence there.

Another interest which William and John had in common was a desire to discover something about their ancestors. William suggested that they "together overhaul the graves in Galloway," and in 1814, on John's first return to Scotland, he was for



WILLIAM JOHNSTON'S HOUSE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT  
THE ONE WITH THE DOUBLE DOOR





two entire days "occupied with Mr. Johnston in examining & cleaning old grave stones in Moffat Churchyard," as well as at Kirkpatrick Juxta. It was evident that they both had relatives named Proudfoot.

John's father and William also had many discussions on this interesting subject, the former asserting that William was an Annandale (or "thief") Johnston, while William retorted that John was nothing but a Galloway (or "gypsy") Johnston, proof of which was his well shaped feet and legs, they being a distinguishing characteristic of the "Gypsy-Johnstons." After such controversies they would often, to quote William Johnston's own words, have "a bottle of Peter Black's ale, a snuff and a laugh to haud down our brose" (oatmeal porridge). In fact, William's daughters said that it was always a "red letter day" when the Miller of Barnboard came to see them.

During the years John spent in William's counting-house, they had long conferences with regard to the young man's great desire to go to America. A brother of the older man was already settled there, to whom he could give John an introduction, and when in 1804 the latter undertook the journey, it was William who lent him part of the necessary money. Later, in a letter from America, John referred to these conversations, saying, "I have got to the very summit of my then desires, not only by being safely landed in America, but likewise by obtaining a situation in a counting-house that in respectability yields to none in Newyork." Eighteen months after leaving home he repaid William's loan, adding, "Permit me again my dear Sir to assure you that although I have thus paid what may be called

my legal debt, I by no means consider the debt of Gratitude which I owe to you & to your family cancelled, nor do I wish it; it is a debt which I deem it an honour to owe."

On William's advice and following in his footsteps, one of John's last acts before he set sail was, on March 4, 1804, to qualify and be admitted to the Masonic "Lodge of St. Cuthbert, held in Kirkeudbright." This enabled him to have a feeling of kinship with the brothers of the organization wherever he found them on the "face of the Terragious Globe." The diploma issued to him declares in the solemn language of such documents that "our very Worthy Brother John Johnston was by us Entered, Passed & Raised to the Sublime degree of a Master Mason." Many years later his Masonic medallion was still treasured among his "trinkets."

While the happenings in the Scotch household subsequent to John's departure for America, will be touched upon in their proper chronological place, it seems best, in order to give as vivid a picture as possible of the family and home that he left, to relate here the most important of these events.

After John left Scotland, William wrote to him frequently, giving him news of the old home. This was not always of an encouraging character, and one of the first things the son set himself to do after his establishment in New York and the payment of his debt to William, was to make better provision for his father, who was increasingly unable to manage his money matters. In 1810 John wrote to his friend:



HAUGH OF URR



“It has always been my intention to make my father and his family more comfortable as soon as my circumstances would permit, and although money is perhaps of more consequence to me now, on the eve of commencing business, than it may be hereafter, yet I would not defer doing good until it may be perfectly convenient, lest I be deprived of the power of doing it altogether. I shall therefore write him to confer freely with you respecting his affairs, and I beg that you will arrange them in such a manner that what I send may be applied to the support of his family.”

In 1808 the lease of Barnboard Mill and farm had run out and “the Miller,” as William Johnston always called the elder John, had moved with his family to Millbank Mill and farm, ten miles distant, at the little village of Haugh on the River Urr (Haugh of Urr), in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

When in 1818 the younger John, then travelling in Scotland, visited his father’s new home, he considered the Mill Cottage inadequate and leasing an adjacent plot of ground built a house on it, over what had previously been a large grain cellar. This house was afterwards called Millbank Cottage, and he gave it to his father for a home. The plot of ground was held “In Feu”—a species of land tenure common throughout Scotland, meaning that the land was owned in large estates by the Laids and was leased, often in perpetuity, while the buildings were owned by the tenants.\*

Millbank Cottage was small—in fact, it is difficult

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\*The lease of this land was to run for ninety-nine years and to expire in 1917 unless the occupants of the cottage then wished to renew it. It is still owned and occupied by Samuel’s daughter, Agnes N. Johnston.

to understand how John's father and his large family crowded into it. Besides the ordinary living rooms, there was a large basement room where the grain had previously been stored, and here parties and family gatherings were held amidst much merriment. The parents had a bedroom on the ground floor, one end of which was partitioned off to form a built-in bed with curtains in front of it. A kind of loft above the kitchen was unused for a long time, and here the rats which had been dispossessed from the cellar congregated. This loft was called the "rat room" by the children, and when the noise of the rats frightened the little ones, the father used to reassure them by saying that great preparations were being made for a rat wedding. As time went on, many additions were made to the place—a dairy was built, fruit trees planted, and a garden laid out with a pretty bower at the end of it.

The life at Millbank Cottage was exceedingly simple. Alexander, the youngest son, gives a vivid account of it worth quoting:

"I can recollect . . . Father & Mother sitting on one side the fire, father with the tongs in his hand and now & then giving the fire a poke, & mother sitting sewing & mending for us all by the old little round stand; on the other side of the fire sat poor old William Duncan, with the Dog (Little Hero) on his knee, both also have since gone to their long home; in the middle or somewhere about were Margt. Dolly & myself beside the servant girl and never without some of the neighbours dropping in to spend an hour or so, & I can remember Nanny now Mrs. Maxwell & Jannet, now Dead, & William & Robert, who were at Dumfries



MILLBANK COTTAGE  
HAUGH OF URR





School, but were home every now & then to spend a day or two with us. Then there were Saml. attending the mill, & James, and the servant man Rob Halliday—all in addition to the before mentioned."

The father was a strictly religious man, attending church every Sunday even when it meant that he, his wife and their little "Nanny" had to ride on the same horse. Every evening punctually at nine o'clock the father and mother would "tak the Buik"\*—that is, the big Bible—to the bower (pronounced "boor") at the end of the garden and, laying it across their knees, the father would read it aloud. From this ceremony none of the children ever dared to be absent, or even to be late.

It is either about this Bible or the Bible of Samuel Johnston that a picturesque story is told. The book was of great interest to the children, as it contained numerous pictures, the meaning of which the father explained to them. Wherever there was a representation of a "bad" man, the children used to scratch his face—and the devil was so very bad that the page on which his picture appeared was almost scratched through. After the children had thus wreaked their vengeance on the bad men and the volume had become very shabby, it was determined to get a new one, and

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\*Crockett says of "the taking of the Buik":

"The family gathered without spoken summons or stroke of bell. No one was absent, or could be absent for any purpose whatsoever. The great Bible, clad rough-coated in the hairy hide of a calf, was brought down from the press and laid at the table-end. The head of the house sat down before it and bowed himself. In all the world there was a silence that could be felt. It was at this time every Sabbath morning that Walter resolved to be a good boy for the entire week."

the old "Buik" was given to a poor man and thus lost!

Once, however, the Bible failed the father in time of need—when his son Samuel wrote that he was to marry a Quakeress. The old gentleman was much troubled, for he had never heard of a Quaker. Getting down his never-failing guide, he studied it from beginning to end to see if he could find any mention of the name. Not finding it, he went to the minister, who reassured him, saying that the Quakers also took the Bible as their guide.

Old John Johnston always wore knee breeches, which, for full dress, were of black velvet with buckles at the knees; this was undoubtedly what enabled William Johnston to comment on his "well shaped feet and legs." He was called the "Jolly Miller," was full of wit and song, and a favorite with everyone, young and old, rich and poor. While he was on congenial and even intimate terms with the Laird of Balmaghie, he was on an equally friendly footing with his poorer associates, and would frequently take care of a neighbor's baby for her while she read the newspaper to him—a welcome change of occupation for both.

Every year he sent a barrel of oatmeal to his son John in America, and in return the son sent barrels of apples and sometimes fruit trees. After the death of both father and son, the family in Scotland still sent to the grandson, John Taylor Johnston, the annual barrel of oatmeal, which usually contained also a tin box of Scotch "short bread" and some bottles of mushroom "ketchup."

An unfortunate habit of getting into "scrapes"

through signing notes for other people was one of the weaknesses of the father, but this did not trouble him much, and if he got out of his difficulty somehow, he was quite ready to do the same thing again.

The Laird's "Factor" and he had many disputes over the rental account, and at one time he was so obstinate and so sure of the justice of his claims that he allowed himself to be put in jail rather than yield. This was the occasion of his son John's quarrel with William Johnston, who had in charge a fund for the father's use. As Robert, John's half-brother, wrote in one of his letters, "Mr. Johnston stated that our Father was willing to go to jail, but that was no plea for his allowing him to go." John promptly took his father's funds out of William Johnston's hands. The latter was in a great rage about it, and Robert remarked, "I suppose that is the breaking up of their long standing friendship." This, however, was not the case. The tie was strong enough to stand even this strain. The breach was healed, and it was from William that John, in 1841, had tidings of the death of his father and step-mother.

Three of John's half-brothers—William, Robert, and Alexander—through his assistance followed him in later years to America and did well there. They, like John, felt the deficiency of their Scotch education, but in addition reproached themselves with the fact that they had not always made the most of such opportunities as had been offered them. Their home letters were full of urgent entreaty that their younger sisters be given the best teaching available, and they often

sent money to this end. Robert, in particular, was very solicitous regarding the character of the school to which Margaret and Dolly should be sent, urging that they not only have "the advantage of a polite education," but that they be so placed as to enjoy "good genteel society" as well.

Robert also asked that Samuel send a Dumfries paper over to him that he might read the Galloway news, but with Scotch thrift suggested that Samuel pay half the subscription and read the paper before forwarding it.

All the daughters except Margaret married during the lifetime of their parents, and on each occasion there was a large gathering of family and neighbors, with dancing in the big underground room. The sons and daughters who had left home revisited it from time to time, and always expressed the tenderest feeling for their parents. "The recollections of my mother are still as fresh in my mind and she is as dear to me now as in the days of my infancy," wrote William after he had been ten years in America. And of his father he said, "He is an old man now and cannot be able to work much and it grieves me to think of my old father working so hard while I am working easy." After Alexander had been in America only two years and could ill afford it, he sent a small sum of money to Margaret, saying, "Out of the £5 you must give my good old Mother the first chance of having whatever she likes, then you can keep the Balance and fill my father's Box fu' o' Snuff or buy him a something to make a Night Cap to take before he goes to Bed."

John, in the course of business trips between



JOHN JOHNSTON, MILLER OF BARNBOARD  
AGED ABOUT EIGHTY-SEVEN





America and Europe, made frequent visits to his parents. Robert was unable to do so until 1841, twenty years after he had left the Haugh, at which time he presented excellent miniatures of himself to various members of the family. Alick, on his return home, left only a silhouette of himself, but gave money to the family that "likenesses" might be made of both his father and mother. Only his father's portrait was painted, at which Alick was vastly indignant, saying, "Is not the likeness of my mother as desirable to me as my father's?" In this picture the father holds in his hand a letter from his "son in America," presumably Alexander.

On April 26, 1841, John Johnston's wife, Margaret Rae, who had been in failing health for some time, died in Millbank Cottage, and her loving husband, then in his ninety-second year, survived her only three days.

"An hour before her dissolution," Dorothea wrote to her brother Samuel, "she was asked if she had any assurance to cheer her through the dark valley. 'I think I have,' she said; she hoped she had seen Jesus in all his Glory waiting to receive [her]—'I have, O yes'; and a Number more such satisfactory and cheering answers.

"My Father could not think it was death as it came nearer, but thought she was getting better, and would give her tea, gruell, tody, just almost constantly, thinking if she would get them swallowed she would soon be better and would say, 'I'll be in beside ye the Morn's Night yet my dear'; and she said; 'poor bodey,' several times; he says, 'ye look bonnier now than ever, and I



think you will no leave Me yet.' We got him advised to go Bed as we saw the change appearing."

In February of that year Alick, then living in New York, had written in his journal, "The poor good folks are still stepping about but very frail, poor old Bodies." On June 1st, a month after the death of his parents, the word having just reached New York, John said to him: "Ah Alick there is melancholy news this morning. Father and Mother are BOTH DEAD!" Alick describes these events with so tender a hand that the account is copied here verbatim:

"They were dead, died within 3 days 3 short days of one another, and buried in one Grave. Mother died first on the 26 April Monday—and Father poor man could not stand the awful shock but took to his bed the following day, and died on Thursday the 29th April—and [they] were both buried on Tuesday in Balmaghie Church yard on *4th May* . . .

"Poor Mother bade an everlasting adieu to all terrestrial things about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock; and on Nanny & Dolly going up to tell him that she was at rest he was sitting up in bed, seemingly expecting them and what they had come to tell him, and clasping his hands together, and looking up to Heaven—Exclaimed—'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be his most Holy name,' and on leaving him to give vent to their feelings in Nanny's room, they heard him getting out of his Bed & praying to the Almighty, that he would prepare him for his last end, as it was near at hand . . .

"The next day he got up thro' the course of the day, and walked about & gave some orders concerning

## CHILDHOOD AND SCOTCH HOME

Mother's Funeral, and after she had been laid out—Nanny asked him if he wd not like to see Mother once more, he said he wd—and went towards the door, but when the white sheets met his view, he held out his hands & exclaimed, *Oh I can gang nae farther!* He went to his Bed that night never to rise more. On going into his room on Thursday morning and speaking to him he did not answer, and in attempting to move him, he cried, oh—and they then saw his latter end was approaching fast, and allowed him to remain in the same position, and in a few hours his Spirit took its flight to the Realms of Light, and the voice that had cheered and delighted us all, so oft, and so long—was silent for ever.

“It had been intended and invitations issued accordingly for Mother's Funeral to take place on the Saturday but was then postponed until the Tuesday following . . .

“Samuel had started off for Scotland immediately on rect. of the news of Mother's Death but with the fond hope of finding Father there, and staying a few days with him, and hearing some of his old stories told over again, but alas, alas! when he arrived there, there was no hand stretched out to welcome him, no sweet sounds to cheer him, no eye sparkling with delight, as he entered. Ah no, everything was as still and quiet as the grave, there he beheld them stretched out, in their last attire, lying side by side—cold & stiff as the clod of the valley . . . Father, Saml. says, was nothing changed—his countenance pleasant, & face full.

“Oh what a sight, melancholy & solemn, yet

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

pleasant. Like Saul & Jonathan, ‘They were lovely in their lives & in their deaths they were not divided.’ . . .

“They were buried on Tuesday 4th May in Balmaghie Churchyard. Saml. says there must have been over (100) a hundred people at the Funeral & notwithstanding the day being wet & uncomfortable over the half that number followed them to their Graves—a distance I think of over *6 miles*, & had they been Lord & Lady of the Land, they could not have died more respected or more generally regretted round the whole Parish where they lived.” . . .

So they were taken to the “Kirk above Dee Water,” the homely name by which the Galloway folk know it, and there some kindly friends undoubtedly said of John Johnston the Miller, as they had said of many another, “Sae he’s won awa.”

On his tombstone was written:

“THIS MODEST STONE, WHAT FEW VAIN MORTALS CAN,  
MAY TRULY SAY, ‘HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN’”



## CHAPTER II

### BEGINNINGS IN NEW YORK

1804—1809

THESE were the surroundings among which young John Johnston grew up and from which he started in 1804 for the New World to make a fortune, not only for himself, but in order that he might assist his family in Scotland.

William Johnston's brother George was in business in New York, and William therefore decided to send his own son, "George, Jr.," across the ocean in charge of John, whose twenty-three years, made him seem, however, somewhat youthful for this responsibility. George's father having loaned John the £23 necessary to make up the sum required for his journey to America, the two boys shortly thereafter took inside places in the Camperdown coach from Dumfries to Glasgow and from thence proceeded by mail stage to Greenock.

Here John bought for himself a "Matrass, Blanket and Rugg, 16s . . . Trousers to wear on passage, 5s. 6d. . . and a cotton cassimere jacket for passage, 13s. 9d." On March 18, 1804, they sailed from Greenock in the ship *Factor* and landed in New York on April 21st.

# JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

In John's small account book he appraised his belongings as set forth below:

"Whole value of Wearing Apparel, Books,			
Watch, &c. &c. brot. to America . . .	£54.16.7	(\$274.14)	
Deducting money borrowed from Mr.			
Johnston . . . . .	£23		
A balance due Capt. Caldwell . . . 5.5	28.5	(\$141.25)	
	<hr/>		
	£26.11.7	(\$132.89)	

He was provided with introductions to people who could be of service to him, and with one of them, a Mr. James Thorburn, an acquaintance of Samuel Haining, he lodged.

George Johnston, to whom he was especially commended, was a man of ability and consequence in New York, at this time attorney for one of the sisters of John Paul Jones, in the matter of her interest in the estate of her brother. John Paul Jones, who died in Paris in 1792, had made Robert Morris of Philadelphia his executor and had left all his property to his two sisters, Mrs. William Taylor and Mrs. Mary Ann Lowden, both of whom lived in the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright. The latter and her family, considering that the settling of the estate had been unnecessarily delayed, had given George Johnston power to force an accounting "and to enter upon and take possession in their name of all and every Dwelling houses, lands, slaves, etc."

He showed the utmost kindness to the young men and within five weeks after their arrival in New York both of them, through his recommendation, had positions as clerks in the counting-house of Jas. Lenox & Wm. Maitland, and John had the promise of being





New York, in the State of New York, North America

VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS IN 1803





made book-keeper in a short time. The members of this firm, warm personal friends of William Johnston, as well as of his brother George, were from Galloway, James Lenox being the younger brother of Robert Lenox, the founder of the family in America, whose son James presented the Lenox Library to New York City. John fully recognized his debt of gratitude to George Johnston for this early help and wrote to William: "I am under very great obligations to your Brother George not only for his kindness on my first arrival but for his attentions ever since. It was principally through his representations that my character was so well established at first entering the office; & I have no doubt that his intimacy with Mr. Lenox has influenced the conduct of the latter towards me ever since."

The terms of his engagement are thus described in his note-book:

"1804

May 26 This day entered into the counting house of Messrs. J. Lenox & W. Maitland and have agreed to remain with them four years from this date at the rate of \$300 for the 1st year, \$400 for the 2nd year, \$500 for the 3rd year, and \$600 for the 4th."

This banking house, which James Lenox had established in New York in 1796, in addition to its other interests, was engaged in the East India trade, usually sent consignments to Calcutta every year, and always brought back cargoes of India goods.

Mr. Lenox was interested in John, gave him much good advice, and raised his salary one hundred dollars after the first six months. John was gratified at this

and again wrote to William, "I believe if every Counting House in the city were in my offer I would not change the one I am in." He felt some anxiety, however, lest his handwriting should not be good enough for the important position of book-keeper and describes his plan to improve it:

"The only thing that gives me uneasiness is that I do not write a better hand—Mr. Lenox writes a first rate hand himself and is very particular in this respect with his clerks. He is extremely partial to a *plain* copy hand and *hates dashing* with a *perfect hatred*—now I have been so long accustomed to write in a loose, careless manner that I find it no easy matter to lay aside my long tailed C & such like 'curiosities.' However, I must submit, as the province for which I am designed, that of Book-keeper, is by far the most critical in the office; for what might pass without censure in a Letter or Invoice would be deemed very reprehensible in the Ledger.

"To make the best of a bad bargain I go an hour each morning to a writing master from whom I receive private lessons at the moderate rate of \$20 pr. quarter & this I would not grudge if I saw any reasonable prospect of improvement, or if the Gentleman paid proper attention to the correction of my errors—this he does not—it may be from delicacy, but it is a delicacy that I should willingly dispense with.

"However from a strict observance of the way in which his letters are formed I perceive that, when I take time, I can write more in the copy stile than I formerly could:—but then when I attempt that my patience has a sore trial, as I am more fatigued with

an hour of my *new hand* than with a whole day of this my old one.

“I now get up at 5 o’clock in the morning, walk till 6, go to school till 7, eat breakfast & repair to the office before 8, dine at 1, drink tea at 7, and either read, visit or walk from that till 10 o’clock; at which time I regularly go to bed. This is a brief statement of the manner in which I spend my time, & I confess it is so much to my liking that I would not exchange—no not with J. Napier, altho’ I believe he turns more to the Credit of Profit & Loss in 7 days than I will do in as many years.”

In spite of his brave statement that he would not exchange his manner of life with “J. Napier,” he was lonely in these early days and looked forward with eagerness to receiving the irregular and necessarily infrequent letters from home. “I was agreeably surprised,” he wrote to his never-failing correspondent, William, “by the receipt of your much esteemed favor of 19th March, which . . . was exceedingly precious in my esteem; . . . my spirits were raised at least 5 feet 9 inches higher. . . . I do not know of any other pleasure that can in any way be compared to that of hearing from an absent friend; . . . when a person is removed not only from his friends & relatives but likewise from his native country, *then* it is that ‘Good news from a far country’ are indeed a cordial.” And to others he also wrote: “I long very much to hear from you—I feel the greatest loss from the want of the company of my dear friends. . . . Many a time I reflect with a sort of melancholy pleasure upon those happy hours which we spent together by the *cheek* of Mrs. Carson’s

chimney, whilst the smoke of the virginia plant 'like burning incense tower'd' and feel disposed to repine at my heremital condition."

He in his turn, to save postage, sent by friends going over, long letters to his father and mother, describing to the latter such homely matters as would interest her—the price of foods and servants' wages, the kind of clothing worn, and his "mortification" at finding that the only usable articles he had brought over were the white shirts she had made him.

Sept. 18, 1804.

"Dear Margt.

"I wrote my father on 12th May by a Gentleman going to Britain in the Liverpool packet who said he would be at Dumfries & probably Kirkcudbt. and as I perceive by the papers that the vessel arrived safe I have no doubt of your being long ago in possession of that letter.

"This Country is exceedingly pleasant & the poorer Classes live, or might live, incomparably better than they do at home (I mean in Scotland) no laboring man has less than 4|6 Sterling pr. day—tradesmen & mechanics have from 6|- to 6|9 & some artists have 10|- or even 12|-. Beef & mutton are lower than in Britain. Flour, although high at present, is generally lower than that which my father manufactures. Potatoes pretty moderate & apples almost for nothing, even in the common market I could purchase a Bushel of the very best for 2|- Stg.

"When you read this you will be ready to conclude that a single person may board for almost nothing but I can assure you it is not so. These blessings so far as

I can see are all monopolized by the Householders. Keeping boarders is here a trade & if a man can have the good fortune to procure two or three Genteel boarders, as they are called, into his family he need not give himself much trouble about what are called habits of industry. If you lodge in a first rate Genteel boarding house you pay only 10 Dollars or 45|- Stg. pr. Week, besides paying for your wine &c., if in a second rate 8 Dollars, if in a third rate 5 Dollars & this is the very lowest that any genteel person must pay. Happily for me I have lighted upon what I call Genteel Boarding, in a private family, for little more than the half of even the latter sum; but this must be kept a profound secret, for if it were known, my reputation, *as a Gentleman!*, would certainly be blasted, at least as long as I persisted in such a gross violation of established habits.

“House rents are amazingly high, for a tolerably good one, if 2 Stories 35 or 40 feet in front, £100 Sterling pr. Annum. White servant girls have 6 Dollars or 27|- Sterling pr. month and are nearly as proud as Lucifer; if you ask them to do the most trifling piece of service beyond what they choose to prescribe as the limits of their obligation it is ten to one if you do not get a flat refusal, at any rate saucy language. They go just about as fine on holidays as *your demi Gentry*.

“Washing as I formerly mentioned is a heavy burden—this alone at an average cost are not less than 3|- Stg. pr. Week—Shoes are moderate in price but of a very bad quality. I have not had occasion to try them as yet myself, but have seen many pairs worn by others in a fortnight—they are reckoned very good if they

last three weeks & superlative if they see the end of the month.

“Clothes are very high principally owing to Tailors wages—as a specimen—I gave to one of them four Vests to get shortened,—he executed the work in little more than an hour & his charge was only 1 1/4 Dollars (5/7 1/2 Stg.) Thus, for lack of better matter, I have given you a detail of matters which although unimportant may be entertaining to you who have no opportunity of being acquainted with our manner of living on this side the Atlantic.

“Your shirts will stand me in excellent stead in this place—indeed they are the only part of my clothing from which I can reap satisfaction. My clothes were not at all made suitable for this country. Breaches are never worn by the young men in this place & indeed only in a few instances by the old—a few days after I came on shore I wore a pair of my best ones & thought myself a fellow of considerable appearance, but by & by I perceived many people staring at me in so strange a manner that I was glad to put on a pair, & indeed my only pair, of pantaloons. My coats & vests were at least a Century behind the fashion, and my coloured neckclothes entirely useless, nothing but white ones being worn here. My Breaches I mean to wear in Winter, for as every person at that time wears boots it will not be so much noticed. You will no doubt be by this time thinking that I am become quite the fashionable Buck, but I assure you it is dire necessity drives me to it. Had I but a few dressed in the same uniform to keep me in countenance I should not at all care, but I have no inclination to be stared



on by every one that I meet as if I were a creature of another species.

“Present my respects to my father, Sisters & Brother, & believe me to be always very truly, Dr. Margt.

“Yours J. J.”

John's absence from home did not weaken his sense of responsibility to his younger half-brothers and sisters, and he was constantly planning how the education of the boys might prepare them for a career in America, whither he intended to have them come at the earliest moment. He entreated Margaret to attend to their forming good mental and religious habits, reminding her that “Youth is the time to sow the good Seed. The first impressions are generally the most lasting . . . Let them indulge in no idle habits, they will grow upon them insensibly.” He urged his father to give this matter serious consideration and begged to be told the progress each child was making in his studies. “I am exceedingly anxious that my Brothers & Sisters, but especially the former, should have a good education. I know from fatal experience that the ideas commonly entertained on that subject, in the part of the country where we resided, were very erroneous. . . .

“Now the truth is, and I am happy to think it will yet be in time for your other children, a knowledge of English Grammar is indispensably necessary to every person that would speak even his mother tongue with any kind of precision. The Latin, although not of great use, in common life, is yet so generally studied that it is reckoned vulgar to be without it, and besides, it greatly enlarges the knowledge of the English lan-



guage. The french is very necessary to a merchant, and like the Latin, is so generally understood that it cannot be well dispensed with; and one chief excellency in all these is that they may in youth be acquired with very little loss of time; the lessons being principally studied out of school. Had it been my good fortune to be situated where they were taught, I might have acquired them without the least prejudice to any of my other studies, fishing only excepted.

“ These observations I have made with a view to the Boys’ coming out to America, if I be successful in business. Should you wish to keep any of them at home, or have any other thing in view for them, all this may not be necessary. I would like to know your views upon this subject. I presume that you are now better situated for Schools than you were at Barnboard, and therefore recommend that William and the Girls, if they have not already begun, be immediately put to the study of English Grammar with some master that perfectly understands it;—this need not retard them in reading writing or arithmetick, as they must learn their lessons at home. If the master teaches Latin also, & thinks that William is far enough advanced in English, I should like that he would begin to study that likewise; and I pray you be extremely careful that his hand be not spoiled by a bad writing master. I trust I shall be able to send you as much annually as will pay for his Books & School Wages. Write me very particularly what progress in learning they all have made, how you are situated for schools; what languages &c. are taught & what are the quarterly wages.”

John's own spiritual life was also a matter of moment to him. This was still largely nourished by letters to and from his clergyman friend, Samuel Haining, to whom he wrote at this time a vivid description of his early religious experiences, the whole letter being here given, although part has already appeared in the previous chapter.

8th Feby. 1805.

“ . . . You desire some account of the means by which I was first brought under concern for my soul. . . . I shall state, as briefly as possible, in what manner I was led step by step to think seriously of eternal things.—You know my mother was a pious woman who was at great pains early to impress upon my mind a knowledge of divine truth—at her earnest solicitation, I read the Bible & because I saw it gave her pleasure I actually became attached to it; and I recollect that I was much delighted to hear her talk of heavenly things & frequently slipt to her room door & listened whilst she was at prayer (and in these prayers I always heard myself warmly remembered)—I was very rigid too in the performance of what I called prayer & used regularly to repeat, morning & evening, certain forms which she taught me—so zealous was I in this duty that if I had omitted it in going to Bed I used to get up in the course of the night & kneel before my Bedside naked as I was, & repeat them. I was likewise very fond of learning & repeating Psalms & Hymns & used generally to say them over until I fell asleep. In this manner I acted until my mother's death, which happened when I was about 13 years of age, when being in a good measure left to my own government,

my goodness soon appeared to be like the morning Cloud or early Dew—I soon forgot all her good advices.

“I still however had an insatiable thirst for reading but having no person to direct my choice of Books I unfortunately chose those that were least calculated for improvement, namely Romances, Novels, Plays & sometimes History—In fact I read promiscuously all that came to hand except religious Books, and for these I gradually lost all relish. In the year 1798, owing principally to your solicitations, I joined the Barnboard & Boreland Society of which I continued a member until I went to Kirkeudbt. to my apprenticeship, in the fall of that year.—The only real advantage that I derived from this was the necessity it laid me under of reading religious Books, in order to find answers to the questions there proposed.

“About this time also I had a fever which brought me nigh to the Gates of Death, I was in a delirium for a whole week & whilst in that state I well remember that one day I imagined myself in a deep Pit in the agonies of death. I saw my religious acquaintances stand at a distance upon the brink, as afraid to approach me—I was solicitous that some of them should speak to me & at last I thought James Harris, then my schoolmaster, came near & enquired upon what I grounded my hopes of Eternal life. The question struck me, I was unable to answer it, Christ never once occurred to my thoughts & I said some incoherent things to my stepmother, then present, about purchasing a Proof Catechism & attending Mr. Fulton’s School in order that I might be able to answer such questions

should they again occur. This question stuck in my mind a long while after my recovery & I believe was the means of stimulating me to make more diligent search after religious knowledge.

“One day, previous to my departure for Kirkt., I was in Wm. Milroy’s Smithy, when I happened to lay my hand upon a small tract, entitled ‘friendly advice to all whom it may concern’—in this tract the question was put, ‘If you had died yesterday where would your soul have been at this moment?’ I laid down the tract & considering my case was well assured that my soul should have been in Hell.

“From this time I made some faint attempts at information, and although I had many relapses yet I still inwardly had thoughts of working out my own salvation by the Law. I went to hear the Wesleyan Methodists then in Kirkeudbt., formed a Prayer meeting in conjunction with R. Hyslop, R. Carson, R. Niel &c. and conceived that I was making considerable progress when all at once my views were completely changed even when I least expected it.

“The doctrine of Predestination was one with which I was almost entirely unacquainted—this doctrine was broached by the Methodists, Predestination calmly considered was put into my hands, and, as was to be expected, I soon became a warm & decided Arminian. It is needless to expatiate upon the ardor with which I entered into this scheme & the violence with which I opposed the contrary opinions—suffice it to say that after many controversies with you & with other of my friends on this subject my Fortress began to totter; you put Booth into my hands who made a

grievous breach, and Elisha Cole razed it to the very foundation.

“Being now destitute of all hope from this quarter I began seriously to consider my state, I began to discover my former folly and to see that salvation was only to be found in Christ—I felt an inclination to trust in him alone for salvation and although my faith has been sometimes stronger sometimes weaker, my views sometimes clearer sometimes darker and although from the prevalence & growth of an inward body of Sin & Death I have been many times led to doubt whether I had indeed known him—yet I am inclined to adopt the language of his servant Job ‘though he slay me yet will I trust in him.’”

He soon felt it to be a religious necessity as well as a duty to ally himself with some form of Christian worship and set himself about making such a connection, writing to this same friend:

“After I first came to this country I went, agreeably to the plan which you know I had formed previous to my departure, and attentively heard a major part of those who are denominated Evangelical preachers. I went even farther, being determined not to allow myself to be blinded by prejudice, and heard some of those who are in Scotland called Methodists, but finding none that in my opinion came nearer the model of a Church of Christ as delineated in the New Testament, than that under the pastoral care of Mr. Mason I have accordingly joined in communion with it.

“In Mr. M’s congregation there are three or four praying Societies of one of which I likewise am an unworthy member. Their mode of procedure is much



THE REVEREND JOHN M. MASON, D.D.





the same as that of those with which I was connected ere I left Scotland."

This noted preacher, the Rev. John M. Mason, was, in 1804, the pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street. With his congregation John Johnston decided to worship and he had always thereafter the deepest admiration for him. Later, in 1810, after the Presbytery had refused to build a new edifice for him, Dr. Mason resigned from the Scotch Church and founded a new organization, situated in Murray Street. He was intimately associated with public men, preaching the funeral sermon of Alexander Hamilton and delivering a famous oration on Washington before the Society of the Cincinnati. Professor Silliman of Yale thus describes him:

"Tall, erect, of fine symmetry of form, with a perfect muscular development, a noble, intellectual head and strongly marked features, on every line of which mind was stamped, with the graceful air of a high-bred gentleman of the old school, and with the bearing of a man who could not be unconscious of his own talents and fame—elegantly dressed, but with chaste simplicity—as he entered the room all rose from their seats to greet and welcome the pride of New York."

From the hour of his arrival John Johnston was a keen and intelligent observer of the customs and conditions of his new country. He was favorably impressed with its democratic institutions and had not been here six months before he wrote, "I believe every person who has resided in this country even for a short time must confess that it is so far superior to Britain

that generally speaking they will bear no comparison."

His early letters are full of lively accounts of whatever seemed interesting in the life about him—political events, industrial conditions, religious sects, etc.,—and were all carefully copied in his numerous letter books before being sent to his friends in Scotland. Extracts from a number of those written during his first year in America are introduced without further comment, trusting that as they are descriptive of an early period in the history of the republic their insertion is justified.

On government and religion:

"In this Country the people enjoy in an eminent degree the benefits resulting from a good Government. Here equality is established upon the best possible principle—that of *equal importance in the Commonwealth*. The poorest Citizen has his vote for the rulers of the Land, & his vote is of as much weight as the richest of his neighbours'—here you may either speak or write your sentiments with the utmost freedom & boldness respecting all the movements of Government; *their* sentiments upon this subject being that there must be a fault somewhere in that Government which will not allow a free & open discussion of its procedure; & indeed this liberty so far from stirring up plots against it seems to establish it upon the best possible foundation—the *affection of the people*.

"To say the truth this country is very much misrepresented on your side of the water, being talked of as a place not only destitute of many of these temporal conveniences which are enjoyed in Britain, but likewise of that invaluable blessing the means of Grace,

as enjoyed under a Gospel ministry. Both of these reports are equally false, and with regard to the latter I believe I will not exceed the bounds of truth in asserting that the part of it which I have seen is at least equal if not superior, in point of religious opportunities to any nation in the world. The number of churches in this city is almost beyond credibility."

On thieves and beggars:

"The Laws are mild & gentle—so mild indeed that there has not been for many years an instance of an individual suffering in this state by the hands of the public executioner.

"Thefts, so far as I can learn, are very seldom committed & when they are, the culprit is confined for such a time as the court thinks fit in a large building called the State prison, where he is made to work for his own maintenance, and if after repeated trials he seem hardened & determined to persevere in his evil courses, he is confined for life. This plan whilst it lops off the rotten branches from the community, at the same time saves them from having their feelings shocked by seeing a fellow creature brought to an untimely Grave, or their property burdened by supporting them in needless idleness.

"The Government is easily maintained, the taxes low & wages high. The people are consequently free from another burden which I conceive falls heavy upon the middling & lower orders of people in Scotland: namely an immense number of common Beggars. No such thing is to be seen here—indeed it would be a shame if there were, as every person who is able to work can find plenty of employment . . .

“To say the truth I see none harder put to their shifts than those of my own insignificant profession, who generally wish to assume the appearance of Gentlemen without having the means.”

Jerome Bonaparte's return to France:

“About the beginning of June [1804] two French Frigates, the *Didon* & *Cybelle* came to this Port for the purpose of conveying home Mons. Jerome Bone., the first Consul's Brother,—He had just got on board with his Lady,—an American, whom he married since his arrival, when to their consternation the British Frigate *Cambrian* & *The Driver* Sloop of War appeared in the mouth of the river. This so scared poor Bone., although the superiority both with regard to men & Guns was greatly on his side, that the same night he quietly disembarked his baggage, of which Madame Jerome may be reckoned a part, & slunk up to the City. To make the matter still worse, the *Driver* being since gone, the *Boston* has succeeded her, a Frigate of 32 Guns, so to all appearance the poor french are reduced to the dreadful alternative of either fighting or laying in the Harbor.—It does my heart good to see the cowardly Poltroons lying close alongside the Battery whilst our brave countrymen, although inferior in force, are cruising off the Harbor and daring them to come out.” . . . “November 30. The French Frigates mentioned in my last, I am sorry to say, have, notwithstanding the vigilance of the British Cruisers, made their escape. In order to effect this they were under the necessity of passing through *Hell Gate*, a narrow & dangerous sound at the head of Long Island, which has made it proverbial, amongst the Anti-Democrats,

that the French would rather enter the Gate of Hell than meet with the British."

Advice to a friend about to come to America:

"I shall now, as well as I am able, give you advice preparatory to your Voyage—first with regard to your mental accomplishments;—you must be studious to acquire as complete a knowledge of the English language as the time will admit of—be not ashamed to speak good english, as the most of our countrymen are, but study on all occasions to pronounce correctly & construct Grammatically. I felt severe mortification on my first arrival on account of a deficiency in both these, as they are much attended to here. I pray you attend particularly to writing a plain hand and to spelling correctly; give me leave to tell you that in the latter acquirement you are still a little deficient,—nor must you think it beneath your notice to attend to the little punctilio of making a genteel bow & entering a company gracefully;—you will be introduced into some good company here, & much depends upon the first impression.

"Your clothes *must not* be made in the country stile, but as near the London fashions, which are generally prevalent here, as possible; mine were entirely lost on account of awkward Tailorship;—it may be even worth your while to go to Dumfries in order to have them well made—(You may perhaps think these are foppish or foolish observations, but upon your arrival here you will see their propriety.) I wish some friend had given me the same hints previous to my departure, as it would have saved me a good deal of money; & more mortification.

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“Clothing being greatly cheaper with you than here you may, if your father can afford it, bring out two *fine* Cloth Coats, *black & blue*, and one Coatee; Two pair of Cloth Pantaloons to match the Coats; One pair Cassimere Breaches, the Waistbands to come at least above your middle; or say near your armpits, From four to six vests, made short to match the Pantaloons and Breaches; some flannel vests & Drawers; one pair Suwarrow & one pair back strap Top Boots; two or three pair Shoes and as many shirts & muslin Neckcloths as you please . . .

“Nankeens can be bought cheaper here than with you. You therefore need not trouble yourself about them, neither need you bring any coloured neck cloths, none of that description being here worn.”

Admonition to a friend:

“I never shall lend a hand towards making you a hypocrite, & therefore my advice is that if you cannot write on religion you write on something else. Suppose now for instance you begin your letter by informing him of your safe arrival & of your intention to have written him sooner had you not been prevented by —. Next describe the place in a Geographical Moral & Religious point of view—you can be very particular in mentioning the number of places of worship, how the people attend & whether they are religiously disposed, then go on to state how you like your situation & how you spend your time & close with Compliments to Mrs. McClea etc.”

On Methodists:

“The Methodists are much more numerous & rapidly increasing;—but their conversions are attended



with so much uproar & confusion that I cannot help being, with respect to them, a little sceptical.

“It really gives a handle to the Enemies of the Cross to blaspheme & hurts the minds of serious Christians to hear of their indecent & ridiculous Gestures & expressions on such occasions. The work generally begins after the minister has ended his sermon & has come down from the Pulpit—One, or perhaps two, begins to pray, in a little while a number will begin to sing, others to utter broken exclamations & ejaculations, leaping upon the Seats, gathering round & sometimes even beating upon the persons whom they wish to convert, which together with the dreadful ideas of hell & Damnation which are impressed upon their minds, not unfrequently has the effect to frighten them into Hystericks;—in short a scene of riot & confusion takes place which is much more easy for you to conceive than for me to describe; and this is all ascribed to the spirit of God! I had almost said that to ascribe this to the Spirit of God was blasphemy, but I forbear.

“That there are a great number of serious & Godly men amongst the Methodists I do firmly believe, and how *they* can countenance & defend such enormities is what much astonishes me.”

Eighteen months after leaving home John Johnston was able to send William Johnston a note, which repaid his loan of £23, with interest, and left a small balance. This he wished expended in the best “Congo” and presented in his name to his stepmother. As time went on, he continued to send presents home—“braws” for the girls, books for the boys, a dress for his step-



mother — all of them small, but thoughtful, kindly gifts.

One of his customs, started when he first began to earn money, was to give, conscientiously, one-tenth of his yearly income to the poor, and he adhered faithfully to this principle even in these early days, when a small sum of money was very important to him.

After a couple of years he had saved enough to make some small “adventures,” shipping raisins and cheeses to New Orleans to be disposed of by James Johnston, a brother of William and George, and importing watches from Kirkcudbright—“a dashing article,” he wrote, “is the thing for this market no matter what be its quality.” The business sagacity with which these early affairs were handled gave promise of his commercial success in later years. His next transaction was more important. In 1808 he sent “600 Spanish milled dollars” to be invested in Calcutta by the supercargo of one of Lenox & Maitland’s ships, appropriately named the *Galloway*. This was his first large venture and yielded him \$300 profit.

About this time he began to consider his future prospects and to debate with himself as to the best course to pursue. To one of his friends in Scotland he wrote, “I used to look forward to this period as the one in which I should attain unto almost absolute happiness,” but a feeling of uncertainty as to the future made him add later: “A wish naturally pervades the breast of every prudent person to look beyond the present even in temporal things. I am now in the vigor of youth and whilst my summer lasts I ought to prepare for winter. That I may be enabled

to visit my native country with a small competence and spend my last days in peace amongst my friends is the bounds of my ambition." James Johnston had made him an offer of \$1,200 a year to join him in business in New Orleans, and although grateful to Mr. Lenox for his interest and kindness, John was tempted to accept it. He delayed his decision, writing: "There are some in Newyork to whose friendship I owe much & by whose counsel I wish to be guided (you will easily guess that your bror. & Messrs. L & M are the persons alluded to) and as I have not yet learned how some of them will relish it I must be contented to rest in suspense a little longer."

Before the winter of 1808 was over, Mr. Maitland promised that if the times should warrant sending the *Galloway* out to Bombay, they would offer John the supercargoship, which would be worth from \$2,000 to \$3,000. As the voyage would take only one year, John thought the offer a good one and consequently relinquished for the time being all other projects.

One of Lenox & Maitland's chief reasons for hesitating to send the *Galloway* to India was the disturbed state of commerce due to the strained relations with England. The second war of independence was yet to be fought and England was doing all she could to bring it on by sending men-of-war to cruise the high seas and overhaul our vessels. We were also being hectored by the French, who were constantly molesting our ships. To protect our sailors and in the hope of avoiding war Jefferson, on December 22, 1807, had issued the Embargo Act, prohibiting the sailing of ships from the United States to foreign ports.

The effect of this act on the country, is well described in the following extract from a letter of February 10, 1808: "The Democratic mob, which predominates in this Government, has been loud for a War with Great Britain, a measure which would most unquestionably have proved ruinous to the commercial part of the Community. An Embargo which was laid on about six weeks ago, & which still continues, has however done wonders in restoring them to sanity. Hunger is a Potent reasoner & many of these very ragamuffins who were bellowing for bloodshed & eternal war rather than submit to imaginary insults, are now, convinced by dint of his arguments, mild & gentle as lambs, and praying for a repeal of the Embargo & a renewal of our intercourse upon any terms.

"The truth is that this country swarms with an Irish Banditti, who having been robbers & murderers at home & thereby exposed to the just chastisement of the laws, have fled to this country for refuge, cherishing the most deadly enmity against G. Britain. They are here received with open arms as Persecuted for the cause of liberty . . .

"Fortunately however they display as little economy here as they do at home, and although wages are high, yet they are still in poverty, & consequently are the very first to feel the baneful effects of their own counsels.

"So it is in the present instance,—business is suspended,—they are in a state of starvation,—the Poor's house & every other public Charity in this City is crowded, & many hundreds yet unprovided for & living upon the liberality of the Public. If such are

the effects of a temporary suspension of commerce, what would the effects of a War be!" He added, with the pride of a quite new American, "If you go to war with us from whence do you intend to draw your supplies?"

In May of the same year he gave this account of the situation:

"The Government has been *bullied* by the french, and, I am sorry to say it, bullied by the *English* until, in order to avoid a war with the one or the other, or perhaps with both, it has been under the necessity of laying an Embargo in all the American Ports which has continued since the 22nd Decemr. What effects this measure may ultimately produce it is impossible to say; but at present it has produced abundance of distress. There being no vent for produce of any kind it lies rotting in the stores; the Ships are laid up in Port & the Sailors thrown upon the charity of the public; commerce is entirely suspended & consequently innumerable clerks, mechanicks, & laborers dependant thereon, [are] deprived of the means of subsisting themselves & their families—there is however some consolation in reflecting that we have provisions enough *in* the country, & whilst that is the case we will scarcely starve."

Now followed a year of uncertainty and weary waiting for the embargo to be raised, which, however, did not take place until March, 1809. John did not waste his time, but wrote to his father: "As the french language seems to bid fair for becoming universal, I now dedicate every spare minute to its study. . . . I have removed into a French boarding House for

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the purpose of acquiring the language with greater facility; you would be much amused to see me sitting at table with 18 or 20 ugly looking fellows with huge whiskers, swallowing french soups & Ragouts, amidst the delightful perfumes of onions & Garlick. I pay £100 pr. annum for my Board & have a room to myself."

He devoted some time also to amusement, having fine sport on the ice while engaged in the Scotch pastime of "curling," and wrote William Johnston that he had become a tolerable player, asking, "Pray what would a handsome stone cost fitted complete, with 'Kirkeudbright' engraved on it?"

### CHAPTER III

#### VOYAGES TO INDIA

1809–1811

THE commerce of the country once more being considered safe, Lenox & Maitland concluded to send the *Galloway* back to India, and John prepared for his important position as supercargo. This was a great responsibility for a young man of only twenty-eight, and the letter of instructions he received is worth quoting as an interesting commercial document of the times as well as an expression of his employers' confidence in his judgment and integrity.

“J. LENOX & W. MAITLAND, New York, to  
JOHN JOHNSTON, Supercargo.

7 May, 1809.

“Dear Sir:

“As joint owners of the Ship *Galloway* with our friend Mr. Robert Lenox, and Ship's husbands, we have to address you on the subject of your charge as Supercargo of this Vessel; and we promise that we have great satisfaction in believing that it is only necessary, as in the present instance it is indeed only practicable, to give the outline of our scheme, that

from your sound, correct judgment, and the full verbal conversation we have had, you will be enabled to act in the case equal to one of ourselves. The voyage we propose is to Bombay with the cargo she has on board, where we expect it will answer well, from thence to Mocha for a load of Coffee, intending with the same to return immediately to this port. We do not foresee any difficulty in accomplishing our object. We naturally presume from the state of Europe, as well as this Country for a length of time, that Coffee must be abundant, and unusually low at Mocha—indeed we should not be surprised you found it plenty at Bombay and be enabled, especially with the aid of part pepper to procure a cargo there that may be desirable, and supersede the necessity of proceeding further. But on this head, as well as generally what it may be prudent to adopt, you will be able to obtain full information at Bombay.

“You have a letter from our friend Mr. Hogan to Nasserwanjee Monackjee, Sett, a Dubark, or man of business, a Native, to whom it is preferable to apply than to any European house—indeed they themselves employ them. Nasserwanjee is reputed a person in his line of the highest respectability. You will therefore immediately call upon him. He will assist you in your Custom House business, and advise as to the best mode of disposing of your cargo. Such a one as the Galloway has on board may in general be got rid of in an hour, to the Naval Store Keeper of the Crown, or the Marine Store Keeper of the Company—but perhaps it may be more advantageous to dispose of it otherwise. Native or European Merchants may prob-



ably give more for it than Public Departments. The Dubark however, will be master of this subject. He will also know at once whether a return cargo of Coffee, or Pepper, both or either, can be had at Bombay, and if it is found necessary for the Ship to proceed to Mocha, will be enabled to give the needful information as to the mode of doing business there, as also to furnish letters to persons who may be useful. Business in Bombay we are led to believe is done with great facility and dispatch, and is attended with less expense than in almost any other port in India. The Native agent has usually  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pr. Ct. on sales and purchases, which he is supposed fully to earn. It will however, of course be proper to come first to an understanding on this head, in order to prevent anything like a disagreement afterwards.

“Your funds we expect will be ample, having in addition to Cargo, Fifty thousand Dollars specie. Indeed if the outward Cargo sells, and that in return is laid in, as we conceived we have some ground to expect, you must have a considerable surplus. This surplus if not of great importance had better be disposed of in some articles of value, and little bulk—Say Drugs of a description well understood, or any other articles you may better approve of. But if your extra funds should amount to a sum of moment, and you see nothing advisable to invest them in on the spot, then we would recommend your remitting them to Calcutta to Ram Dalol Day, to be laid out in such goods as from the best of his information he may judge for our interest, and the same ship, giving us due advice for insurance, to any port in the U. States, pre-

ferring of course New York. Your compensation, as understood, will be Two thousand Dollars paid in Bombay, with five tons privilege.

“We know not that we have much further to say on this subject, though important. As we have already stated we have the greatest reliance in your ability, zeal and attachment to the interest you have in charge, and we must necessarily, from the nature of the undertaking, leave much to your discretion. Not doubting the result will prove this confidence to be well placed and with faith also that the Voyage will terminate profitably and satisfactorily to all parties, we are with best wishes for your health and very sincere regard

“Dear Sir—Your obt. Servants

“J. Lenox & W. Maitland.”

Before starting on this hazardous voyage John “insured” his adventure, writing to his father:

“It may not be amiss to mention that my Bureau, papers, & that part of my clothes which will not be wanted in India, or on the voyage, are left in the possession of Messrs. Lenox & Maitland, as will be policies of Insurance on my adventure pr. the Gallo-way. I will likewise leave written instructions how my small property is to be disposed of in case of any accident happening to me before my return.”

On May 20, 1809, he set sail and began his “Journal,” in which he recorded that “The Ships Company consists of The Captain, two Mates, Boat-swain, Carpenter, Sailmaker, Cook, Steward, & Eleven Seamen say in all Nineteen, exclusive of myself.” No sooner had they passed Sandy Hook, which took them

three days, than nearly all the "seamen" became seasick and the Captain discovered that very few of them had ever been on the ocean before.

John kept a full account of this leisurely voyage to the Orient. Being intent on improving his French, he wrote his journal in that language, using formal and stilted verbs, as for instance, when he described the harpooning of a "Goulu" (shark) "*lequel nous empoignâmes*" or when he said "*nous découvrîmes deux grands vaisseaux.*" After a month in which they made little progress, he remarked pathetically, "*Je suis bien fatigué de répéter toujours qu'il y a un temps calme, mais nonobstant il l'est encore*"!

Notwithstanding the calm, which naturally made the time hang heavily on their hands, they had some amusing incidents, especially, when, as he wrote, one of the sows "*nous a donné sept cochons de lait,*" or when the cook, having forgotten to prepare the cabin dinner, "*reçu une application de vingt coups (deux de chacun des matelots) d'une petite planche à la croupe.*" This punishment was repeated whenever he spoilt a meal. On days when the water was smooth John and the Captain had a boat lowered "*et ramèrent autour du Batiment pour voir comment il se porta.*" Once they had a "*fausse bataille,*" firing five salvos of all their artillery to train the sailors in the use of arms.

They were in a constant state of apprehension lest they should meet a French frigate, and even the sight of an English flag did not completely reassure them, as this was often used as a ruse and another flag substituted at the last moment. Accordingly they were rather alarmed by the approach of a large vessel which,

however, turned out to be a Portuguese brigantine on its way to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of slaves. A fatal malady had already carried off fifty-two of the poor wretches, but five hundred and twenty-four were still packed in the hold. John sent all his home letters through the Portuguese Captain,—a roundabout way of getting them delivered in New York—and the Captain presented him by the return boat with a few oranges and a small box of sugar plums.

Finally, on September 9th, the *Galloway* approached land, and believing that he was near Bombay, but not being sure on account of the fog, the Captain sent the first officer and five men ashore in a boat to ascertain. After anxiously awaiting their return for twenty-four hours, he gave up all hope of ever seeing the men again and was weighing anchor, when a large native “Prow” appeared with the boat in tow. It was then explained that the Rajah in whose province they had landed had put the men under guard immediately upon arrival, but being finally “convinced that they were English he used them with great civility giving them victuals and sending the Prow with a pilot to conduct [the *Galloway*] to Bombay.”

That afternoon, September 10, 1809, the one hundred and eleventh day of their voyage, John Johnston and Captain Pray landed in Bombay. The entry in John’s journal gives a vivid description of his first hours on Indian soil:

“At 12 o’clock we were almost abreast of Bombay when a Pilot came off & desired us to lay too until the governor’s permission should be obtained for our coming in—a horde of officers from the Custom House

marine office, & Garrison shortly after boarded us to whom I was obliged to furnish Manifests of the Cargo, lists of the Seamen &c. &c.

“About 2 o’clock went ashore, accompanied by Captain Pray & immediately was surrounded with a whole Legion of Umbrella men, with the greatest difficulty after employing one, I made my way for a few paces, when it was literally blocked up by Palanquins—into one I was forced to get, & the Captain having got into another we were carried to Nasserwanjee’s. Here we were introduced, after passing through a number of splendid apartments, to the great man reclining upon his Sopha like an Eastern Prince, he treated us with great civility & seated us by him—after transacting the preliminary business with Nasserwanjee we were carried to the House of the Intendant of Marines where we were likewise received with great civility, I had previously sent him a file of American Newspapers for which he returned many thanks & desired we would command him in whatever he could be made useful.—at 6 o’clock we again returned on board the Ship.”

On their return to the ship it was found that “The Capt. of the *Iphigenia* Frigate has been on board & impressed two Seamen . . . both Americans, but who had no protections.” John visited the Captain and remonstrated, but to no effect and never succeeded in having the seamen restored.

As it was impossible to procure any boarding place on shore and equally impossible to transact Mr. Johnston’s business from the ship, he rented a house and transferred the necessary furnishings from the

vessel. A letter to Samuel Haining gives an account of his household, together with the Eastern customs that struck him as the most strange; it repeats the account of his landing with so much spirit that the letter is quoted entire.

“I arrived at Bombay on a Sunday & went on shore in the midst of a shower of rain. No sooner did my foot touch the ground than I was surrounded with a legion of umbrella men, who all eagerly offered their services. It was in vain that I urged my ability to carry my own umbrella, & brandished it in my defence, I was soon disarmed, and a dozen competitors in succession erected their standard over my head. In order to put an end to the contest I selected one & by his assistance made my way for about twenty yards when my passage was literally blocked up with Palanquins; into one I was forced to get hoping thus to avoid persecution; but my hopes were vain, the other bearers pushed mine away, insisting that the Palanquin was not so good as theirs & that I should therefore change it. Seeing no prospect of a termination to this dispute, and my patience being fairly exhausted, I got out & used a few arguments in the old Oxonian stile, which were so perfectly convincing that I was suffered to proceed without farther molestation.

“Next day I hired a house for the transaction of my business, & desired a native agent to procure me the necessary number of servants, and how many do you think he employed, why truly no fewer than seventeen! I was amazed when this retinue made its appearance, and demanded what I was to do with them all; he told me I had not one too many, & so I



afterwards found it, for every one had his own province out of which he would not do the smallest service. One, for instance, would carry water to wash your hands; but that once done, nothing could prevail on him again to touch it;—a second calls himself doorkeeper & will do nothing but open the door in the morning, stand by it all day & shut it at night;—a third can sweep the House & rub the furniture, but cannot brush your coat or clean your shoes;—the Palanquin bearers would sooner leave your service than touch a dish that had been on your table; & so on with all the rest.

“These regulations are made by the Brahmins & may be considered as a remarkable stroke of Policy for the population of India is so immense that were the natives permitted to perform indiscriminate service, a great proportion of the lower casts must necessarily perish for want of Employment. The Europeans have so zealously gone into this custom that they keep a native for every, even the most trifling service; I saw many whose sole business was morning & evening to lead out a Dog! and no European, Soldiers & Sailors excepted, appears in the Street without his Palanquin & Umbrella following in rear, whether he intends to use them or not, which requires at least five, sometimes nine servants.

“The wages paid ordinary servants are only 13|6 Stg. pr. month, from which they have to find themselves & their families in food, and yet strange to tell! they save money; & stranger still, the money so saved is laid out in clumsy silver rings which however painful or inconvenient, they wear on their bare arms, intending that when they die the rings may purchase



wood to consume the body. They generally go naked, with the exception of a Hkf passed between the thighs & fastened to a Girdle. They are perpetually quarrelling & will bawl at one another by the hour, but seldom come to blows; if they do, it is only a stroke with the open hand which I never saw returned. Every thing is here performed by manual labor, a Horse & Cart I suppose was never seen in the place—it is not therefore uncommon to see a number of these poor wretches staggering along with the mast . . . of a 74 on their shoulders. . . .

“The Persians of the Sect of Zoroaster are very numerous in Bombay, & every morning & evening are to be seen without the walls in hundreds prostrating themselves in religious adoration before the Sun. I had several conversations with them, and found that their opinions are by no means so absurd as they are generally represented. Their ideas of God, of the Creation, the Deluge, Heaven & Hell are nearly the same with our own; as are likewise their views of the moral duties. They perform frequent ablutions after the manner of the jews, shave the head & chin, but suffer the beard to grow on the upper lip; dress in long muslin Robes, some-what resembling the the long-waisted Gowns of our Grandmothers, & wear turbans.

“I drank tea twice at the House of a Persee merchant with whom I had some dealings, and never before saw apartments so spacious or furniture so splendid. The Persees drank from Silver Cups of a peculiar structure, which they suffered not to touch their lips, that being reckoned an abomination, and immediately after the

repast they carefully washed their mouths:—this they never omit not even after drinking a Glass of wine. My table, for every Guest had his own table, was furnished with China &c. the whole of which I was afterwards told would be destroyed as polluted & unfit for use; for they never eat or drink out of a vessel after it has been used by a European . . .

“Their women are kept in the greatest privacy & never suffered to appear before strangers. Once however I was, by the mistake of the servant, introduced while they were in the room. I spoke but they did not seem to understand me, & retired with seeming confusion. They were dressed with a profusion of jewels & ornaments but their clothes hung on them in a loose inelegant manner, and some of them had large Gold rings stuck into their nose, which made them perfectly frightful. They marry very young & the bargain is uniformly made by the parents without consulting the parties. In this House I saw a young couple, the husband appeared to be about four & the wife three years of age! By their law the Girls *must* be married before they are 9 years old!”

Nasserwanjee was a highly educated and intelligent Parsee. John and he had long talks about this sect, and the latter spent part of a forenoon “relating the particulars of the first emigration of his caste from Persia; the former ambition & riches, but present poverty & wretchedness of their Padries, or Priests, who are supported principally by charity and are prohibited from marrying out of their own cast so that their misery becomes hereditary, & continually increases as their numbers increase.”

The Parsee felt a sense of responsibility toward these poorer brethren, as John had the opportunity of witnessing before long. "Passing this man's office one morning I observed a crowd at the door & stepping in found all his Clerks busy in distributing ready made clothing; he told me it was the Persee New Years Day at which time he had long been in the habit of distributing among the poor about 2,000 Rupees (£250 Sterlg.) in clothes & money. The other Persee merchants, I was informed, made similar distributions according to their circumstances."

The two men became warm friends, corresponded for a number of years, and the American thereafter had a portrait of the East Indian hanging in his New York dining-room. The latter showed him many attentions, frequently sending him fruit, flowers, kegs of mangoes, etc., and once presenting him with "a very large He-goat."

John drove out in Nasserwanjee's carriage to his country house, "a Superb Palace" surrounded by beautiful grounds. The Parsee's son treated him with "a collation of fruits &c," but did not eat with him himself, and "when he drank rolled a Hkf round his hand to prevent it from touching the Glass." This matter-of-fact Scotsman seemed to enjoy to a surprising degree drinking tea "in the Garden by the side of a delightful Pond, the Oranges hanging over head & ready to drop into the cups." The English residents, as well, did all that they could to make his stay pleasant, their entertainments being "set out with all the Luxuries of the East & served with Eastern splendor."



NASSERWANJEE MONACKJEE SETT



The business dealings, however, were not so agreeable: "It is extremely difficult to push any business in this place as many of the Native merchants reside in the country & do not come to Town before 10 or 11 o'clock—they carry the Keys of their respective Godowns in their Pockets which prevents their Clerks & Coolies even from delivering Goods until they are present. The greatest difficulties however is with the latter mentioned Gentlemen who uniformly prefer sitting on their hams to working—they can scarcely be collected before 1½ past 10 o'clock, they break off again at 5, & should I in the interval step out of the door for a moment the business remains in statu quo until my return. . . . It is impossible to do any business with the Persees & Banians without seeming to be in a passion, . . . but when you seem to get into a passion, the more violent the better, it generally brings the business to a speedy conclusion. . . . Cheating is here reduced to a System. A Gentoo merchant is not at all ashamed when you detect his weights light or his measures short."

At the same time that he was making every effort to sell his American goods to advantage, he was also purchasing his return cargo, and it was hard for him to decide which of these transactions was the more unsatisfactory and exasperating. The native merchants bought the brandy and gin readily, but Mr. Johnston had much difficulty in disposing of his tar and spars.

The story of his efforts in this direction is told by extracts from his journal:

"Sept. 12th. Called at Nasserwanjee's—found that he had seen the Marine agent who considers our quan-

tity of Tar much too large for this market.—He however wishes to know the price at which I hold it. After some conversation & reference to Nasserwanjee's former sales, directed him to ask 20 Rupees pr Bbl for the whole. Went to the King's & the Company's yards to see some spars brought by the late Ships from Europe in order to fix the price of my own—returned to N-Wanjee's who promised to procure the prices from the Company's Books.

“Sept. 14th. In the afternoon received permission from the Governor to discharge our cargo but we cannot begin until we receive the Marine Intendant's answer to an offer we have made him of the Naval Stores—say the Tar at 20 Rupees pr. Bbl & the Spars from 160 to 240 Rupees as in size.

“Sept. 16th. Mr. Dundas (the Kings commissioner) sent for Nasserwanjee and after a long conversation respecting our cargo, in which he did not fail to undervalue the Naval Stores of which it is composed, promised to make an offer for the whole or a part on Tuesday morning.

“Sept. 19th. Called on Mr. Dundas by his appointment to receive his definitive answer respecting the Tar & Spars, when after pronouncing an eulogy on Archangel Tar & Rigo Spars, & stigmatizing those of America as comparatively good for nothing, he informed me that he declined purchasing; it was in vain that I represented the impossibility of obtaining a supply from the Baltic in the present situation of Europe. He continued absolutely to decline the Tar at any price, but said he might *perhaps* take a *few* of the spars if the prices were greatly reduced. As a last



resource made an offer of the Tar to the Governor at 15 Rupees pr. Barrel, or if he prefers it, to barter for Malabar Pepper at 80 Rupees pr. Candy.

“Sept. 22nd. No answer from the Governor respecting our Tar. I now feel great uneasiness on that account.

“Sept. 23rd. Went to the Secretary’s office to learn whether the Governor had communicated any thing to him respecting an answer to my Note of 19th Inst.—he said that I would have an answer in the course of the day; & that he believed the Governor declined the Tar. Waited impatiently for the answer all day but received none.

“Sept. 25th. Received a Letter from the Secretary stating that the Governor declined the Tar & had no Pepper for sale—called on Mr. Dundas respecting the spars & received the same shuffling kind of an answer as formerly that it was likely he might take *some* of them at a *low price* but he did not know how many or of what size—he would examine & let me know &c.

“Sept. 27th. Was exceedingly mortified to find that a person who had been treating for the Barter of Piece Goods agt. our Tar had withdrawn his offer & relinquished the idea of purchasing.

“Sept. 28th. Nasserwanjee . . . procured a place for the storage of the Spars.

“Sept. 29th. Commenced Landing the Spars & carrying them into one of the Company’s Stores. Went to Nasserwanjee’s & examined musters of Surat Goods offered in Exchange for the Tar—found they would not answer.

“Sept. 30th. Found it would be impossible to dis-

pose of the Tar in any other way than by bartering it against the Piece Goods mentioned yesterday—the most therefore that could be done was to get the most unsaleable part rejected & 100 Corges of Company's Nankeens . . . substituted in their place . . . the balance of the amt. at 8 1¼ Rupees pr. Barrel, to be paid in Cash. Whatever part of the Tar, if any, is taken by the Military Board (from which an answer has not yet been received) to be deducted & we to receive the Price of the same—closed the Bargain on these terms, exceedingly glad to get it off our hands at any thing like prime cost; as the highest price offered in the Bazar, & *that* for small quantities, was 5 Rupees.

“Oct. 6th. Deferred the delivery of Tar until the answer of the Military Board shall be received . . . recd. secret Intelligence that the Military Board intend to take only one hundred Barrels of Tar.

“Oct. 8th, Sunday. Had a visit from Nasserwanjee who says that the Military Board will take 200 Barrels of Tar if the price is reduced to 10 Rupees. Disgusted at the mean & paltry spirit that could descend to hammer us down below 12 Rupees (the price we asked for it) when they have been paying, before our arrival, 40 to 45 Rupees pr. Barrel, I directed N. to inform them that no reduction in price would be made.

“Oct. 16th. Addressed a Note to Mr. Newnham, again requesting the answer of the Military Board respecting the Tar.”

The journal does not tell us which of these extremely unsatisfactory customers finally purchased the “tar and spars.”

Nasserwanjee sold his Spanish dollars for him by

weight, they netting him “226 Rupees per Ct.” The return cargo consisted mostly of pepper, and in this also the natives tried to cheat by selling pepper mixed with dust or with tares. He had to guard against false measures being given him; as he writes, “they had made their calculation to save 1 pound in 56, had I not detected them by procuring a just weight & proving the others by it.” Large quantities of drugs—castor oil, gum arabic, olibanum, etc.—were also ordered.

Becoming exceedingly anxious to hurry the departure of the *Galloway*, he urged Nasserwanjee “to use every exertion to dispose of the remaining cargo & compleat the purchases as the only remaining hopes of making a good Voyage rested on getting home before the other Amrn. Ships.” But the delays were interminable, the excuse being repeatedly made that the day was a “Gentoo holiday,” or the “Persee New Years Day,” on which no business could be transacted. “Even Nasserwanjee’s men,” he complained, “were in the confederacy against me.”

He was now in an extreme state of exasperation and found that strong measures were necessary. “Excessively mortified & disappointed went home & wrote a very sharp Note to Nasserwanjee, informing him that I absolutely would not be trifled with in the manner I had been,—that he *must* have the Pepper delivered as fast as the Ship could receive it—that it was a thing altogether out of the question, a thing which I had never before heard of, that a Seller should have the privilege of delivering his Goods just as he thought proper & that at the rate in which the Pepper was now

preparing (50 or 100 Bags pr. Day) I should not detain the Ship at an expence of 300 Rupees pr. Day to wait for it; but wd. rather carry her home with what I had got, remitting my funds to Bengal."

On his own account, being allowed five tons privilege, he bought valuable articles which did not occupy much space—drugs, nutmegs, a cask of castor oil, baskets of dates, cornelian stones for seals, cornelian necklaces, strings of pearls, and "1 Box & 1 Bale of Piece Goods." The latter consisted of "Seersuckers, Bandanoes," etc., and included beautiful large silk handkerchiefs (yellows, browns, blacks and reds, with sometimes touches of green) many of which he kept for his own use. These were, in later years, greatly admired by his grandchildren.

After fifty days of hard work the lading was completed, and John sounded a last note of vexation when he exclaimed:

"A whole Host of Servants, Coolies, Boatmen &c. &c. indeed all that ever I had employed in the place [assembled] to bid me 'Selaum' (Good Bye,) & receive their Bows. Knowing it to be the uniform custom to give these people something I could not well get over it, but considering myself under no great obligations to them I was determined to give as little as possible. Between them & Nasserwanjee's Clerks & Comprodores &c. &c. I was however obliged to part with from 40 to 50 Rupees."

The Parsee, as a parting gift, presented to his friend a camel's hair shawl for himself, but any gratification John felt at this friendly act failed to compensate for his unpleasant business experiences, which evoked the following entry in his journal:—"I never

have felt less reluctance in parting from any place than I do in leaving Bombay. In it I have to be sure met with much personal civility; but in the way of business I have met with a continued series of vexation & disappointment."

The voyage to New York occupied nearly four months. "One afternoon, the Vessel being surrounded with shoals of Blackfish and the calm continuing, we lowered down the Boat and went out after them. After rowing about backwards and forwards among them for about two hours one of them was struck & got along side—he measured 12 feet in length & we supposed his weight to be 10 Cwt. His Blubber was stripped off for oil, two or three cwt. of his flesh (for in its taste it bears not the least resemblance to fish) for eating, and its Jaws for the Ivory teeth."

Some days later the captain saw three brigs, which, as they showed no flags, were presumed to be French privateers or pirates. John remarked, "We accordingly triced up our boarding net . . . & being determined to sell our ship as dear as we could, we called all hands to quarters, loaded our Guns & prepared for action." But their marksmanship remained untested, for at the last moment the brigs hoisted the English colors. At another time they spoke a sloop and found that the captain had been insane for twenty-five days and that the first officer had drowned himself. The *Galloway* supplied the crew with much-needed provisions, and from a brig met soon afterwards Capt. Pray in turn received "Rum, Potatoes & 2 Newspapers." These sea visits and exchanges of small luxuries or necessities were quite a matter of course in those days.

The vessel reached its wharf in West Street February 19, 1810, after an absence of nine months, and on the following day John wrote to Samuel Haining: "The business of a Supercargo is so much to my liking, affording opportunities of seeing different countries. & . . . furnishing also abundant time for indulging my propensity to reading, and what may perhaps have *some* influence, yielding *certain*, sometimes *large* profits, that should another opportunity offer this spring I think it probable I might again be tempted to visit the Oriental regions."

This "opportunity" was soon offered to him and in April he wrote to his father: "Finding Commerce completely at a stand and no prospect of doing much Good ashore I have resolved upon another voyage to India & will, I expect, sail about the end of next month or perhaps sooner."

Accordingly, on May 20, 1810, a year to a day from the date of his first departure for India, he sailed once more for Bombay. On the voyage over, he describes an "almost miraculous escape from shipwreck."

"Having been making Southing by the Compass throughout the night we thought ourselves safe from all but the Madagascar shore:—the Ship was then put about & was standing to Westward & had just sounded with 150 fathoms line without finding bottom; when all at once, the night being dark, a range of tremendous breakers appeared close under our lee-bow. The Ship had scarcely got under way from sounding & was happily got about in the moment—one minute more would have decided our fate as the Bowsprit, in putting about, extended to the rocks over which the water was break-



ing almost as high as the masts. . . . Found that it was the reef of Breakers, noticed last year, which extend from the Southern extremity of Juan de nova towards the eastward. We had been drifted north by the strength of the current full 17 miles in the course of the night which was the cause of our getting into this disagreeable situation."

At Bombay he again enjoyed meeting his friend Nasserwanjee, and it was probably at this time that the latter presented him with the portrait of himself. Conditions in Bombay were very different this year from those that had prevailed in the previous one. Not over one hundred or two hundred candies of pepper, held at a very high price, were found in the place and these the Governor would not allow them to export. John was "distracted with such prospects" and had thoughts of chartering the ship to the Governor for a voyage to Mauritius. To add to his troubles, some of the seamen deserted, and his dealings with the natives were as unsatisfactory as heretofore.

"My ideas of the native inhabitants of Bombay are not more favorable than last year . . . they are almost all rogues, & unfortunately are so linked together that it is almost impossible to detect an imposition, & when you do, *custom* is uniformly pleaded in its defence. A more extensive intercourse with the English inhabitants than I had on a former occasion, has deeply impressed me with a sense of their hospitality & politeness:—from many of them I have received the most friendly attentions."

Hearing that plenty of pepper was to be had in Alepy he decided to go there. Before leaving Bombay



he purchased a number of camel's hair shawls, cornelian stones, and a quantity of tortoise shell, and on November 29th set sail. At Alepy he happily had no difficulty in procuring a cargo; the pepper was of good quality and plentiful, but none could be sent on board for want of bags. In this predicament two bales of "gunny" were landed from the *Galloway* and all hands went to work making up bags.

While this was going on, John was much interested in watching some "Elephants that were employed in carrying Timber. They take up with their trunks 10 or 12 massy planks round which a rope is fastened—this Rope they take in their mouths & slowly drag the Plank along until they reach the piles where they deposit them, & slowly pace back for another load; a native posted on their shoulder, like an ant on a mole-hill, without the assistance of rod or bridle, easily governs them, only by now & then telling them what they are to do. . . . In the evening saw another proof of the wonderful sagacity & docility of the Elephant in launching a Vessel—two of them were employed, some hundreds of natives were also engaged in pulling with Ropes & Windlasses, & such is the strength of the Elephant that altho' the natives could not move the vessel, yet they on applying their heads to her, moved her along apparently with ease."

In Alepy, as well as in Bombay, John found people who were kind to him and helped to make his stay pleasant. An English family invited him to their home during his two weeks' sojourn and treated him as if he were a son of the house. He felt "considerable reluctance" when the time for parting came.

## VOYAGES TO INDIA

On the homeward journey John described a dangerous experience through which they passed: "One of the seamen having got drunk & struck the officer was put in irons. The others being mutinous we loaded our pistols & resolved in case of need to die hard." Two days later the aspect of things was still threatening. "T. Keemer, late Boatswain, seems very mutinous; removed the cutlasses from the armchest to the Cabin & kept a sharp look out after the persons with whom he associates."

The voyage was a tedious one; the winds were often contrary and John sometimes records, "We are fifty miles farther from our port than we were yesterday." Even the additional leisure thus gained for reading failed to compensate him for these interminable delays, and having in mind also his unsatisfactory experiences in India, it is not surprising that he should have exclaimed on his arrival in New York, April 22, 1811, "I have finished I hope forever my East India Super-cargo business."

CHAPTER IV  
WAR WITH ENGLAND  
1812-1815

A YEAR after John Johnston's return from India, the possibility so long dreaded finally became a fact, and in June, 1812, war with England was declared. While this declaration produced no immediate effect upon his affairs, the war later caused him no small personal inconvenience and business embarrassment. Before the crisis occurred, however, he had occasion to see a good deal of the country through some journeys that he undertook. One of these was made in August of that year, at which time he started on a "trip to the N.ward," embarking on the steamboat to Albany. He kept a journal of his travels, according to a custom begun when he sailed for India.

It was just five years since Robert Fulton had sent his first steamboat up the Hudson, and although a regular line had immediately been established between New York and Albany, the first entry in the journal shows that the personal comfort of the passengers had not progressed very far. "Augt. 8th. Came on board

the Steam Boat Paragon, for Albany . . . At 10 o'clock the cabins were cleared out & tables & Benches placed across on which were spread Mattrasses & Blankets. . I reckoned myself fortunate in being able to procure a place below deck; but had soon reason to change my opinion; for being packed in this place like Herrings in a Cask, so great was the Heat, occasioned by the united influence of the contiguity of so many human bodies & the Steam of the Engine, that I was almost suffocated."

In the early days of the war, the cry was for the taking of Canada, and when Mr. Johnston reached Schenectady, "called by the inhabitants Sneekaday," men were building "100 flat bottomed boats, part of 800 wanted for the transportation of the U. S. troops in their meditated attack upon Montreal." Later at Greenbush, across the river from Albany, he found an army encampment of about twenty-five hundred men, where he "soon had a specimen of American discipline. One of the soldiers came to complain that another one had been put under guard for 'just setting his foot over the line around the encampment,' and on the officer's referring him to the Colonel he went out & assembling a few more of his comrades they indulged in some very improper language just by the tent door where the officer could hear every word they said. . A short time before 30 of them had turned out & refused to do duty until they received their pay."

On this trip he was accompanied by David L. Kennedy, a nephew of James Lenox; they spent part of their time at Ballston with their Scotch friends, William Maitland and James Boorman, the latter

soon to become John Johnston's partner. They also visited Saratoga Springs, then a small village with "only two houses of accommodation . . . which together with the want of a regular mail, newspapers & reading room" prevented its being a place of popular resort.

In the autumn of the same year John started in a stage for Boston with some friends and his future father-in-law, John Taylor, "all in good spirits." But two miles from New Haven, he writes, "when on the side of a precipice near Whitney's Mills, the stage overset & tumbling to the bottom was dashed in pieces. In the moment of oversetting I recd. a blow which stunned me and I knew no more until I found the people lifting me out of the broken stage. Mr. Whitney generously put me in his chair & sent a person to carry me to New Haven, where, on sending for a Doctor, my head was found to be much cut—my left arm bruised so as to be perfectly unmanageable, my side & thigh also much bruised and hurt . . . I was unable to either walk sit or lye."

The next day the unlucky travellers returned by packet to New York, and the captain, being "a clever accommodating man and having no other passengers," gave them "the privilege of sitting in sober sadness & moaning their complaints to one another." "On arrival," the journal continues, "Mr. Taylor being the only one that could walk went immediately home & sent for a carriage in which Mr. Magee and myself were conveyed to our respective places of abode, having returned sooner and in rather different circumstances from what we anticipated at our departure."

He also made in the winter a journey "to the S. ward," where the same fate overtook him. He had not proceeded beyond Havre de Grace before the coachman "drove against a stump & overturned the carriage. With my usual luck on such occasions," he exclaims, "I had my head severely cut, & bled profusely . . . I had a surgeon to sew up & dress my wound."

On reaching Alexandria he found that the turnpike only extended six miles beyond and that the rest of the way to Fredericksburg was extremely bad. There were no bridges except over the large rivers, and the small ones were dangerous to cross on account of floating ice. Only the roughest kind of a road had been cut through the forests, many huge stumps remaining, so that the carriage had often to make a zig-zag detour through the trees. "What is remarkable," he wrote, "notwithstanding the coldness of the weather we found at all the taverns that they burnt a large fire and kept their doors open. We were told that it was 'Virginia fashion' and that the same thing was done in private families." He arrived safely in Richmond, however, and declared it "is certainly the most hospitable place that I have ever visited. On Monday I had engagements for dinner during the whole week, and when people cannot get you to dine they press you to Breakfast or Sup with them," adding that they "danced Scotch and Virginia reels till midnight."

His brother Robert, who after coming to America lived in Richmond, a few years later said: "The society for the most part is agreeable but the Scotch nowadays are by no means the foreigners that are most liked, owing to their plodding, narrow disposition



& many of them, having made fortunes & retired home, has had a tendency to lessen the respect for the present generation of Scotch, & increase it for the Irish, who are mostly of such a jolly disposition, that they are always disposed to take a drink with a Virginian & that pleases them amazingly."

John remained in Richmond three weeks, during which time he ordered and received from New York a wig for his wounded head. When it arrived he immediately had his head shaved and put it on. He seemed surprised after this when his friends did not recognize him!

On December 31, 1812, John Johnston, as was his yearly custom, made an inventory of his possessions, beginning with his treasured books, \$300, and ending with his nightcap, \$.50. The total value (including wearing apparel, furniture, trinkets, etc.) he placed at \$1,100 and mentioned that his library then consisted of one hundred and seventy-five books, many of them pamphlets. When we consider that since his arrival in New York eight years before, he had repaid a considerable loan, had given generously to his family, and had made business adventures that needed capital, the sum of \$300 is a large one to have invested in a library. Five years later this numbered seven hundred and two volumes.

Having now been in the employ of Lenox & Maitland for nine years, he decided to start in business on his own account, and in March, 1813, formed with James Boorman the firm of Boorman & Johnston, Merchants. This partnership was hardly an accom-



plished fact before John, on April 13, 1813, was made to feel heavily the effect of the war with England. "Having in consequence," he writes, "of my being an alien, received orders from the Marshall of N. Y., a fortnight ago, to retire 40 miles from Tide water & 5 from the Hudson River and having then taken a passport to Fishkill (since when I have been secreted in Town) I this day at 5 o'clock P.M. embarked on board the N. River Steam Boat for that place & was so fortunate as to get on board without being noticed by any person that could injure me."

The exercise of the old Alien Enemies' Act, allowing the President to expel non-citizens in time of war, sent many Englishmen out of the city into temporary exile, and on John's arrival at Fishkill Village, he met Mr. Hugh Auchincloss, formerly of Paisley, Scotland, the founder of the family in America, and "the whole army of aliens." He and one or two friends established themselves in a pleasant boarding place; "Townsend's," he wrote, "is an Inn in which however no tippling is permitted—indeed it is quite as quiet as a private family & we have a good sitting room pretty much to ourselves . . . Have as yet made no acquaintances in the village; the people look upon us with suspicion & I cannot blame them. If we were dangerous members of society in the city we cannot be safe here."

The people of the neighborhood later became very hospitable, giving parties "purely on account of the aliens," which the latter enjoyed and for which they were truly grateful.

Their constant thought, however, was how to

terminate this forced separation from their business affairs and their friends. On April 21st Mr. Auchincloss's wife arrived at Fishkill with news which was of the utmost importance to her husband and of great interest to all the other exiles. She had previously procured letters to various influential men, including the President and the Secretaries of State and of War, and thus armed had undertaken the hazardous journey to Washington to plead for her husband's liberty.

She had now returned, having through her own cleverness and persistency obtained a promise that orders for his release would follow her. The other aliens laughed and said, "Ah, do not trust to their coming. Government promises are like piecrust—made to be broken." The orders did, however, arrive, on April 28th, and Mr. and Mrs. Auchincloss left for New York, which, John Johnston said, "makes a sad breach in our social circle."

This success encouraged the other aliens to undertake measures of a similar kind, and on May 1st Mr. Johnston addressed the following letter to the Secretary of State, the Hon. James Monroe.

"Sir,

"Having in compliance with the order of the Marshall of the district removed from the City of Newyork to this place in the early part of last month, where I have remained ever since . . . I beg leave respectfully to represent—that I arrived in this country in the year 1804 since when I have never left it except for the space of 22 months when making two voyages to the E. Indies in an American Ship & in the employ of an American House.—That it was my intention from the

time of my first arrival in the U. States to become a citizen but not being sufficiently acquainted with the Law on that subject, it was not until I applied for Citizenship in May 1809 that I was apprized of a previous declaration of intentions being necessary, which declaration I then made in the manner required by Law. That in the month of May last I had occasion to proceed to Boston which prevented me from applying for Citizenship immediately at the end of the three years, but a few days after my return, in the month of June, I made such application when I was informed that the existence of war with G. Britain, of which the accots. had just reached the City, rendered compliance with my wishes impossible.

“I beg leave further to state—that it is still my intention to become a Citizen as soon as the law will permit; and that I am at present connected in business in the City of Nyork with a resident American Citizen and with no other person whatever.

“Under these circumstances I trust you will be pleased to take my case into consideration and to direct that I may be permitted to return to the City, my absence from which is to me a source of much inconvenience & loss. With great respect I am

Yr. mo. ob. hum. St.”

No answer being received to this letter John Johnston and his friends proceeded to occupy and amuse themselves as best they could. They formed a quoit club which met frequently, and as many as were fond of the sports enjoyed good shooting and excellent fishing. John fished in all the little streams of the neigh-

borhood, and on one occasion with two of his friends went "in a waggon to a trout creek in the Hook 6 or 7 miles off, where," he wrote, "we spent the day and caught in all 113 trout some of them very fine ones." At other times he "went a-fishing with a spear," which he, however, pronounced "very fatiguing exercise."

About this time he obtained a passport from the Marshal which allowed him to proceed to Ballston, and he started off on horseback. At Hudson he found many ships and brigs, principally from the city, lying there for safety, and at Greenbush again visited the army encampment, finding "400 men . . . that were taking their departure for Canada . . . many of them Boys and old men that had not been a fortnight at the depot, & not a few of them drunk. In marching through a piece of miry ground some stuck fast & others lost their shoes so that the first had to be transferred to the baggage wagons & the latter to hop along some with one shoe & some with none."

On this journey he made a visit to Lebanon Springs, where the Shakers had had a flourishing colony since 1787, and as was usual when anything interested him, wrote out a detailed account in his journal.

"[May 16th]. Rode about 2 miles to the village of the Shakers to witness their much talked of & very singular mode of worship. Immediately on ascending the height near the Hartford Turnpike (on which their village stands) I discovered before me the Shakers going in procession to meeting, as they always do, the men in one troop, two deep, the women in another, marching with as much regularity as soldiers at a review.



THE SHAKERS

I—THE PROCESSION

II—THE DANCE





“Their meeting house is uncommonly neat & clean and pretty capacious. The whole number of Shakers this day attending was about 150, of which about one half were women.

“The dress of the men consists generally of a Drab Coat & Vest, cut in the Quaker stile with a pair of wide brown trousers. The women’s dress is perfectly uniform consisting of a Brown Stuff Gown and white muslin Handkf, their hands joined before & a white Pocket Hkf. over the left arm.

“Their manner of standing joined to their sallow complexion & white muslin caps with long flaps similar to those in which the dead are usually dressed and their lengthened inanimate countenance strongly recalled to my mind the idea of a Corpse & seemed to present a miniature picture of the resurrection. Nothing like that bloom of health which is so conspicuous in young Quakers of the ordinary kind is discoverable among this people.

“The men being seated on Benches at one end the room & the women at the other, at 10 1|2 A.M. a solemn pause ensued when they all rose as with one consent & forming a triangle . . . began to sing with all their might. After singing two Hymns beating time with their feet—first one and then another of the elders stood forth & exhorted them to ‘Sense the Goodness of God’ and to ‘Labor to his Glory’ upon which the men immediately stripped their Coats & afterwards formed themselves six men deep immediately across the floor; the women formed themselves in like manner & all at once striking up a merry tune they set to dancing with all their might. Their motions were



uncommonly regular & so perfectly uniform that one would have supposed they were a parcel of puppets moved by the same wire. They advance three steps, double beat, retreat three steps, double beat, again advance, face about, advance towards the other wall, face about & then commence again as before. They exercised in this manner about half an hour in which they sung three lively tunes—they keep time to the music very exactly but never change their mode of dancing.

“They now sat down apparently much fatigued & soon after getting up in the triangular form as at first, they sung another Hymn & broke up, at noon . . .

“May 17th. I rode . . . down to the Shakers’ village. Found it no difficult matter to engage them in conversation & indeed they showed a disposition to argue on the peculiarities of their belief. They however did not seem disposed to receive the testimony of Scripture farther than it suited their purpose & whenever they were hard pressed referred to some Book which they said would satisfy me they were right. This Book I purchased of them for 10|-. . .

“One of them, a young man of 22 years, that I found in a workshop at the end of the Village, shewed a great curiosity about what was going on in the world. He seems acute & I wd. not be surprised if he should soon leave them. He seemed very desirous to know the principles & practice of other Christians.”

In May the little colony at Fishkill read in the papers of the “Blockade of Nyork by the English which,” John wrote, “very seriously affects my in-

terests & of course my spirits." Bad news travels quickly and on Sunday, June 6th, word also arrived of the capture of the ill-fated *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon* in Boston Roads, only six days after it had taken place, "which greatly disturbed the devotional exercises of the day."

Meanwhile a bill for the deliverance of "certain aliens" had been introduced in Congress, through whose passage they all had great hopes of release from this involuntary exile. Their hopes were, however, of short duration, for on June 25th a letter was received from their representative at Washington stating his belief that the bill would not pass that session, in consequence of which they were "all in the dumps."

At the end of June George Johnston again did his friend a kindness by interesting some influential men in his condition. Among other measures he recommended a petition to Congress, which a Mr. Emott of Poughkeepsie drew up, in which "Sundry aliens petition Congress for relief." It was to be presented to the House of Representatives by "Mr. Fish an Administration man," and was signed by D. Hadden, R. Lee, G. Pott, G. Laurie, J. Laurie, W. Chapman, — Cogall, J. McCall, and J. Johnston. It was forwarded to the Hon. Jotham Post, Jr., to whom Mr. Johnston wrote: "When I last had the pleasure of seeing you I was a freeman—since then I have in common with many others similarly situated had the misfortune to be ordered into bondage . . .

"I pretend not to say that on this accot. solely I am entitled to indulgence. I admit that where knowledge is attainable ignorance is a crime; but I think

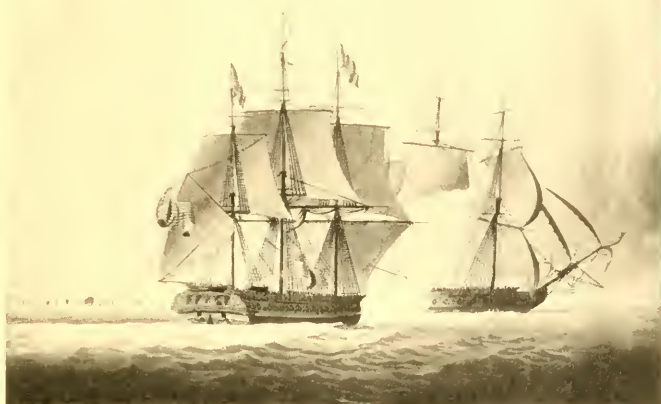
that when I . . . am willing to take the oaths & fulfil the duties of a Citizen, it is hard that I should be considered & treated as an *Alien Enemy*."

Whether this petition did any good or not, we do not know, but on July 29, 1813, John wrote: "Being convinced by the accounts from Washington that the alien Bill would certainly pass I took Passage for Newyork in the Sloop *Republican* . . . and so ended my Banishment to Fishkill." His exile had lasted three and one-half months. As may easily be imagined, he made great haste to remove the stigma of "alien enemy," and on August 11th paid \$3.50 for his "Certificate of Citizenship."

He and Mr. Boorman then decided that their interests would be better advanced by his travelling abroad and increasing the number of their "business correspondents" on the Continent, as well as in the British Isles; Mr. Boorman in the meanwhile was to conduct their affairs in New York.

Accordingly on September 6, 1813, John, accompanied by James Auchincloss, a brother of his Fishkill friend, took his departure from New York in the Boston stage at 2 A.M. for the purpose of securing a passage to Europe, and arrived in Boston on the following day at 9 P.M. Although war was in progress, vessels of neutral countries were engaged in commerce but at the constant risk, as will be seen, of being overhauled on the high sea and having to exhibit their ship's papers. He succeeded in engaging a berth on the Barque *Wohlfahrt*, a Swedish vessel, paying \$150 and finding his own stores.

The first thing he did after arranging the business



THE SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON  
DURING THE WAR OF 1812



of his trip to England, was to make visits to the Athenaeum library and reading rooms. A "national fast day" falling on September 9th and there being services in the churches, he went to the Episcopal Church to hear the celebrated Mr. Gardiner. His journal gives his impression of this preacher and of other Boston divines: "The discourse *unmixed* Politics—Text Mark 10.41 'They began to be much displeased with James.' He commenced with saying 'The people of these states were beginning, & with great reason to be much displeased with James Madison' . . . The Clergymen of Boston seem to be pretty much of the same stamp, all warm Politicians & generally infected with Unitarianism. The discourses I have heard might with propriety have been delivered by Plato or Socrates."

Just before the *Wohlfahrt* sailed, two aliens who had made their escape from Fishkill called on Mr. Johnston to see if he would consent to their going in the vessel, the agent having referred them to the passengers. Crowded as the ship was, place was made for them, but not receiving their luggage in time, they were unable to start.

The barque now set sail on September 20th with six passengers on board—Mr. Myer, the American Consul at Riga, three American merchants, Mr. James Auchincloss of Paisley, and John Johnston—and encountered such a series of adventures that they must many times have wished themselves safely on shore. The day after the *Wohlfahrt* left Boston, the journal tells us, the Captain "discovered a large sail bearing down upon us . . . she fired a Gun when we hove too . . . She ordered us to steer down to a Brig of war then

in sight 'or he would be after us & fire into us.' I suppose however he thought our Dutchmen too tardy in their motions for before we had got our Ship under way he commenced firing musquets at us and two of the Balls went whistling close over our heads . . . the Brig . . . proved to be H. M. Sloop of War *Wasp* . . . commanded by Capt. Everitt, a very civil & gentlemanly officer . . . Capt. Everitt carried Capt. B. on board . . . A Boat was soon after sent from her to take the Passengers on board and poor Myer after being examined whether he did not hold an office, situation under the Govt. of the U. S. to which he was obliged to answer in the affirmative, was told by the Com. that he should be obliged to detain him. Remonstrance was unavailing . . . He did not put a single question to any of us:—told the Capt. what cargo he had on board *without looking into his papers!*—& sent us on board our Barque at 3 P. M."

The following day they saw another brig of war, the *Rover*; she fired two shots at them, obliging them to bear down to her, and then sent three officers on board, who threatened to send the *Wohlfahrt* to Halifax. They took the Captain back to the *Rover* with them and detained him several hours, after which they permitted the vessel to proceed.

Incidents of this kind happened frequently during this voyage of over a month's duration, but they finally, on October 30th, came to anchor in the Cove of Cork. That very afternoon "an officer came on board to remove the three American Gentlemen as Prisoners of War." Mr. Johnston, who does not seem to have mentioned during this crisis that he was an



American citizen, went ashore and, evidently as a good British subject, made a "representation of their case to the Admiral." After three days detention they were finally liberated.

A week later Mr. Auchincloss and Mr. Johnston reached Liverpool, where the latter had the pleasure of meeting and dining with a number of American merchants, among whom was his friend, George Johnston. He found that even these men were "decidedly hostile to America. 'Let her feel the war' seemed to be the general sentiment." Doubtless they were themselves feeling it very heavily.

After a few days in Liverpool, where he was "pretty extensively introduced" and where he, as usual, visited all "the different reading rooms," he took the mail stage for Scotland. John Johnston's own words must tell of this first visit to his old home.

"DUMFRIES, Novr. 24th . . . Every thing absolutely appears almost as strange to me as if I had never been in the country before . . . In the afternoon visited Burns' Grave, over which only a plain stone is laid; afterwards dined at the K's Arms in company with Mr. Johnston &c.

"25th Novr. After breakfast took a Post Chaise . . . & proceeded to Kirkeudbt . . . The country through which we have travelled is all so much changed that I could scarcely recognise it for the same that I saw 10 years ago. Happy am I however to observe that it is for the better and that the spirit of improvement is yet active.

"KIRKCUDBRIGHT, 26th Novr. Called & saw a number of my old friends some of whom I find much

altered—They all say that, except my being stouter, I look pretty much as I did when I went away; and yet very few of them would have known me!

“After taking an early dinner, Mr. Johnston, who was kind enough to accompany me, & myself, rode out to the Haugh of Urr. On our arrival there I just walked into my fathers kitchen & enquired ‘if the Miller was at hame.’ My stepmother did not know me & replied ‘yes’ but on my standing still & not again speaking she recognized me—a messenger was immediately dispatched to my father who was in the mill. I went to meet him—the Good old man clasped me in his arms exclaiming ‘my son, my son!’ It was too much for us both & I was happy we had but one spectator as we shed tears in abundance. On coming into the House my Sisters & Brothers were introduced. All of them were strangers to me. Jen & Nanny, the only two that I recollect, I left children & find Grown up women. The evening we spent very agreeably in mutually enquiring & relating the principal occurrences of our lives during the period of our separation.

“27th Novr. Mr. Johnston & myself rode out to Balmaghie to see my old friends there . . . It is truly astonishing to see the improvements in this Parish . . . The desert may literally be said to blossom as the rose, for certainly I never expected to see what I have this day seen—wild moors, Bogs & Mosses turned into wheat fields!

“After dinner we rode down to see Barnboard Miln. I viewed without being much affected the alterations that had been made in my father’s old farm, along by which we passed, but on crossing the

old croft, the scene of my youthful sports; and on approaching the mansion, now occupied by strangers, where I first saw the light, my feelings fairly overcame me—my heart was like to burst, & until a flood of tears came to my relief, I was unable to move or utter a syllable. The Good people looked at me with astonishment—they knew me not but entreated Mr. Johnston to cause me to alight. I was really ashamed of myself & finding that I could not suppress my feelings nor restrain my tears I abruptly put about my horse & rode off leaving Mr. Johnston to explain my case as he thought best. It was not until we had ridden a mile that I found myself able to resume a conversation . . .

“On leaving Dunjop I perceived two persons coming through the field after us at full speed—it was Wm. Geddes [an old family servant] & his son who had run all the way from the Hardgate, nearly two miles, to see me. They insisted on accompanying us to the Brig of Dee. After taking a Glass together we parted & I returned to the Haugh Miln.

“HAUGH OF URR, Sunday, 28th Novr. In imitation of former times, passed this day in the bosom of my father’s family . . .

“KIRKCUDBRIGHT, 30th Novr . . . In the evening Mrs. Kennedy made a party on my accot . . . I am in a fair way to be overwhelmed with hospitality . . .”

John remained in Scotland until the end of December attending to Boorman & Johnston’s affairs. Wishing to see his old friend Samuel Haining, he journeyed to the Isle of Man and in order to surprise him arrived unannounced at his church. After service John went

up and shook hands with him, but remarked, "he did not know me and I was forced to mention my name." Samuel Haining had shown his regard for his former schoolmate by naming a son for him, to whom Mr. Johnston in later years left a legacy, referring to him as "Johnston C. Haining, son of my old friend . . . a young man who had been long under my care and towards whom I had a father's affection."

Near Edinburgh he visited the "Links to see the golfers play . . . They were dressed in Scarlet Jackets, with a Thistle & two Golfing clubs embroidered on a blue oval on the left breast. The Ball although not more than half the size of an egg is so hard stuffed that it is said to contain two hatfuls of feathers. The game appears exceedingly simple, yet to play it well they say requires long practice."

Both in this city and in Glasgow he accompanied friends to the theatre. Feeling, however, that an explanation was necessary for his interest in an entertainment tabooed by the rigorous Presbyterianism of the day, he wrote ingenuously: "To this mode of spending time I am opposed in principle; but wishing to see as much of the world as possible during this . . . visit to my native land I intend visiting the theatre once, *and once only*, in each of the principal towns through which I may pass. It is from the public amusements of a people that their character is to be estimated." It is droll after this emphatic utterance to find him attending the theatre on two successive nights immediately on his arrival in London! And it further transpires that before he left, he had visited every theatre in the city.

In January, 1814, he received a gratifying offer of partnership from William Maitland, which he nevertheless declined. Although his connection with Mr. Boorman had at this time been of short duration, he felt that it offered excellent possibilities for the future.

Holland was now his objective point, and in January he sailed on a packet from Harwich in the teeth of a severe storm, finding the harbor of Briel so choked with ice that the ship was unable to make a landing. They were obliged to go to Scheveningen, where the passengers were taken off in small boats and finally had to be carried ashore on men's shoulders, the waves frequently breaking over them.

Mr. Johnston spent the remainder of the winter in Amsterdam and made many friends who entertained him handsomely. Some of his English associates offering to share the risk, urged him to undertake another "adventure"—namely, the chartering of a Swedish vessel, which as a "neutral" they thought would be allowed to land her cargo at New Haven or Newport. This he decided to do, but later, hearing "that the English Squadrons on the Am. Coast were ordering off neutral vessels on a/c of the Embargo, took the horrors and was resolved to abandon the contemplated voyage." Unfortunately his friends overcame his reluctance and he concluded the charter of the *Maria Fredericka*, saying, "We must now persevere, having gone thus far, but my heart misgives me much." On May 11th the loading of the vessel was concluded and she sailed on her fruitless voyage.

Having finished this business, Mr. Johnston started for Paris, journeying through Holland and Belgium.

The whole country was in a completely desolated condition on account of the late Napoleonic war and Haarlem had the appearance, he wrote, "of a heap of ruins. When the Dutch trade was ruined by Bonaparte's decrees, the Population decreased nearly  $1\frac{1}{3}$  & the Owners of the empty Houses, being still forced to pay heavy taxes on them, had no other alternative but to pull them down."

After entering France he had much trouble about his passport—in some cities they hesitated to admit an Englishman, and one landlady had orders not to lodge any of them. In this crisis a French officer who was in the stage came to his rescue and interceded for him. The majority of his associates on the journey were Frenchmen, and the whole topic of conversation was the recent failure of the French arms. The combined forces of the Allies had proved too great a strain on Napoleon's resources and Paris had fallen on March 31, 1814. Although already in Elba, he still had a deep hold on the hearts of the people, who hardly believed the story that he had left the country. Children followed the stage, calling out "Vive l'Empereur Napoleon." Others, better informed or less devoted, shouted for Louis XVIII. As Mr. Johnston neared Paris he found himself in the midst of the recent devastations committed by the Prussians and Cossacks. At Laon, on May 20th, he wrote:

"I saw the first mournful concomitants of war—Houses burnt & villages pillaged and deserted . . . The skeletons of the Horses are still lying on the surface . . . The whole country through which we passed has been the scene of dreadful conflicts in the late war, and the



villages, which must have been beautiful heretofore, are only heaps of ruins and scarcely a living creature to be seen in them. We stopped at an Inn at Chauvignon (the only one which out of perhaps a hundred is now to be found on the road) for breakfast. The poor landlady had not a piece of furniture left whole in the House and could only give us a slice of fried Bacon, with one knife & fork to two persons, a piece of Brown bread and a Glass of wine! Our conducteur, a very intelligent fellow, told us that 10,000 frenchmen were killed in the different Battles between Laon & Soissons!"

He found Paris crowded and was unable to procure an apartment in the "Rue de Richelieu where the principal hotels are kept." After a good deal of trouble he was safely but not very comfortably lodged in a hotel on the Rue de Hanovre.

That first night, in spite of fatigue and his alleged disinclination to "this mode of spending time," he visited the Theatre Français. The next day he writes, "went to see the 'Musée Napoleon,' Gallery of the Louvre, in which is deposited the plunder of the world. All the Chefs d'oeuvres of sculpture & painting collected by the french armies in Italy, Germany, Holland &c. &c. are here arranged in different spacious apartments. A very great number of people of all classes was there and what seemed rather indelicate was to see a number of ladies in the rooms where are arranged the naked figures of men." In a later journey to Europe Mr. Johnston had the satisfaction of finding many of these works of art returned to and set up in their own countries.



His journal while in Paris shows with what interest he noted the lights and shades of the world play that was being acted about him.

“25th May . . . spent the evening at the Circus. After the Equestrian performances were ended, a pantomime called the entry of Henry 4th into Paris was performed, which, being filled with allusions to the present state of things, was received with unbounded applause.

“27th May. Visited . . . the Gobelins a national manufactory of Tapestry—many of the pieces represent the triumphs of Napoleon; but as they are not finished, I suppose they will now be stopped.

“I then went to the opera in hopes to see the Emperor or some of the Kings, but none of them was there.

“28th May. I returned to the Thuilleries by way of the Hall legislatif a large building decorated on the outside with Emblems of Bonaparte’s victories. It is remarkable at what pains this man has been to trace on every public building & in all public establishments the leading events of his own History—all the public monuments whether arches, Pillars,—Statues or Palaces (however they may have been erected to the ‘Glory of the Grand Army’ or to the ‘Memory’ of some favorite General), seem to have no other end than this, as the Emperor is always the prominent figure;—even on the walls of the Louvre, which was built long enough before he was born, he has caused his Initials to be placed, and on the Bridges he has sculptured his Eagles!

“30th May. This being the day fixed for the re-

view of the Allied troops previous to their leaving Paris I repaired to the Port d'étoile. They were principally of the Emperor of Russia's Guards & some of the finest men I ever saw—very few of the Infantry seemed to be under 6 feet. The Cossacks were also fine tall fellows. At about noon the Emperor of Russia accompanied by the Emperor of Germany, the Arch Duke Constantine & some other great characters rode along the front of the line—they then returned & the troops filed off before them. There were in all about 20,000 Infantry & 17,000 Cavalry besides a train of Artillery, and from their manner of defiling I had an opportunity of seeing the whole. The Emperor of Germany is a poor little withered looking man & being dressed in white, with blue facings, the uniform of his Guards, had more the appearance of a trumpeter than of an Emperor. The Emp. Alexander is a very fine looking man & has some thing very good in his countenance.

“31st May. Visited . . . the Luxembourg . . . Here there are many beautiful apartments the greater part of which were formerly hung round with Pictures of Bonaparte's triumphs; but all there are now covered with Green Baize.

“4th June. Went . . . to the Pont de Thuilleries where I had a very good view of the King [Louis XVIII.] as he went to the Legislative Hall. He was preceded by a great number of state carriages with 8 Bay Horses each, in which were the Marshalls of France &c. His own Coach was drawn by 8 White Horses, and in it were, besides himself, the duc d'Orleans, duc d'Angouleme, & duc de Berri. Spent part of the evening at the Théâtre des Variétés.”

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

Rumors of John's participation in these important events had reached the far-away Scotch home with the usual accompaniment of exaggeration, and an amusing letter from William Johnston shows the alarm created in the father's mind lest his son should be led astray by the grandeur he was witnessing. "I am much pleased," wrote his old friend, "to find . . . you are in the way of returning to the Land of Cakes. Your father seems to be quite sick about your absence and wrote last Sabbath a very humourous note telling me 'that he had heard that you were at Paris seeing the King Crowned; wishing that you would recollect that you were only the Son of the Poor Millar of Barn-board—and not a Born Gentleman.'

"The fears of a Parent for his offspring is no Doubt very great—as the Honest Man entertains the Idea that so much greatness may hurt your Brain.

"But you may answer him as little Tibby Gowan Spinster did—when talking of her Grandsire then in New York (a place she had sometimes been) . . . 'what signifies all this greatness since the people of *Newton* does not see it.'

"I have four letters for you one address'd to *Sir* John Johnston. And had not my son James told me that *Sir* in French was sometimes used for Master I should have been as much at a stand to understand when you would stop your Career, as the old Gentleman above alluded to."

On July 6th John left Paris for the return trip to England, and at Boulogne regretted that he had not time to visit the harbor, where Napoleon had prepared his flotilla for the invasion of England. On this

journey he found himself travelling at the same time with the Emperor Alexander and his suite. Arriving at Dover, "the usual difficulties arose about the Examination of the baggage . . . the Custom House was shut and the officers assured us we must stay for the evening coach of next day. A Cossack officer . . . of the suite of the Emperor Alexander had the privilege of passing; & by representing to them that he could not speak English, which was really the case, and that I had hitherto acted as his interpreter they permitted me to pass with him."

When Mr. Johnston was in London at this time, gas was just being introduced from a central supply, and an entry in the journal shows how marvellous the achievement appeared. "Visited the premises of the Gas-light Company in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street; but not having an order was not permitted to enter. From this place pipes are at present laying all the way to the Strand (more than a mile) & many of the Shops are also lighted with leaders from these pipes." When he returned to London a few years later he made a note of the fact that all the theatres were brilliantly lighted by this means.

Mr. Boorman corresponded with John whenever he had an opportunity, but mails were irregular and there were long intervals when neither heard from the other. Letters sent from Glasgow in December, 1813, and from Amsterdam in March, 1814, reached New York within a week of each other. The projected "adventure" of the Dutch vessel had been a matter of consideration between them, and on May 18th James Boorman had written:

“The late extension of the Blockade applying to the whole Coast will I fear thwart your plans & I hope no fatality may attend any operations that you have recommended—I can take no provisional steps not knowing whether to expect vessels under our directions or merely shipments, if it were the former I should endeavour to devise means of directing them to Amelia Island, which is the only step that I perceive at present could be taken with them—The first vessel that we heard of being turn’d off it is said went to Halifax—This Blockade is a most unfortunate business, it is not worth while however to take trouble in advance.

“Knowing the wayward Policy of our Govt. you probably will not have been much surprized to hear of the relinquishment of the Embargo & non Importation Act. This would have opened a fine field for you, had not the Blockade been extended, as we now stand there is no prospect of safety for anything excepting in Licensed Neutrals & I fear the British Govt. will not give such Licenses while the Blockade continues, if they do, there is nothing in our Laws to prevent Neutrals from using them, but great care must be taken to have everything clear to defeat our Privateers which will be on the alert—altho’ our Govt. contend that free Ships ought to make free Goods, yet the practise of our courts is the reverse.”

His anxieties were well founded, as John was to experience later. In addition to blockaded ports and seizure of our ships, the American arms were meeting with rebuffs on land in the struggle with Great Britain. In August, 1814, a British force of five thousand men landed about fifty miles from Washington, and a few

days later the Capitol, after very little resistance, was taken and burned. New York feared a similar fate and the people prepared for defence. On September 2nd Mr. Boorman wrote: "The times look gloomy here . . . I think it not unlikely that we may have an attack, but I do not believe it would be successful as we shall have near 20,000 Men here in four or five days. I have to turn out on Monday to go into the service of the U. S.—the troops are only in service two hours morning & evening & I expect will not be unless we have an alarm."

David L. Kennedy, on the following day, in a jocose style, also gave him an account of what was taking place:

"We are here just now all in bustle and confusion and every man who is not an Alien Enemy is a soldier—Aliens of every other description shoulder their muskets resolved to defend their adopted Country as long as—the Virginia & Maryland Patriots did Washington and I fancy not a whit longer. Apropos—Did it not my worthy friend rend your heart strings to hear that the Capital of our beloved Country was entered by a barbarous & ruthless Enemy, its public Buildings rendered smoking piles and poor Mrs. Madison deserted by every living soul except Jacob Barker, who had gone on to negotiate the loan. Madison it is said has great dread that he carried on a negotiation with his wife which had no reference at all to state affairs but whether this vexes him or not he has cares enough besides to prevent his Chair being at all envied. Some say he will resign not daring to shew Congress his phiz. Where these barbarous British Rascals are to go



next—I know not, but this I know that being an alien (now when it suits my convenience having the thing at my option) I intend to shew John Bull that it was not for nothing Nature bestowed such a pair of long shanks upon me. At Brooklyn & Harlaem they are busily engaged fortifying and in two days we shall have a body of 25,000 men to repel the invader. I sincerely trust an attempt will not be made on us for the object to be attained will not in any degree compensate for the vast number of lives that will inevitably be lost.

“As this vessel no doubt carries newspapers with her, you will see what a disgraceful capitulation Alexandria has made. However it is not much worse than the defence Washington made which in my humble opinion fixes a stain upon the consarned that will not or ought not readily to be effaced.”

The news of the destruction of Washington quickly reached Scotland and was celebrated in a manner distasteful to some of the returned aliens. It however put William Johnston in fine fettle, for he wrote to John: “I enquired at Mr. Dyson if he had any News for you. He said not a Word only complements. But to day he is rather flatt at the Ringing of our Bells for the downfall of Washington. What will Cousin Madison say to that? I hope they have given the Foundation Stones of *his House* the air—and *carried him out* of its ruins with particular attention in the hopes of sending him on his *Elbow* alongst with his Uncle *Bonie*.”

Disasters at home and anxiety about his transactions abroad were having a depressing effect upon Mr. Johnston’s health. “So much have I lately suffered,”



he had written earlier in his journal, "from trouble on accot. of the adv. fm. Hd. & other bad news that I today weigh only 148 lbs. being fully 30 lbs. less than I did a few months ago."

In December his worst fears were realized and he received the unpleasant news of the arrival of the *Maria Fredericka* in Holland with the Dutch cargo still intact. This obliged him to return there and he set out immediately on the fatiguing journey. The adjustment of loss and the disposal of the cargo, which was a valuable one, was a vexatious business, and he remained until December 27th, when, news having arrived of the signing of preliminaries of peace between England and America, he took his departure. He thus describes the journey between Amsterdam and Rotterdam: "Left Amsterdam at 8 A. M. in the Post Waggon which certainly is the most disagreeable conveyance I ever used. It only takes 4 passrs. but is so low in the roof that you cannot sit with your hat on; & having no springs you are agreeably informed of every cobble or cut with which the wheels come in contact by a thump on the head. It has besides no window nor aperture to admit the light so that when the side curtains are closed it is perfectly dark . . . We did not arrive until 9 P. M."

It was inevitable, as has been said, that the strain and responsibility through which Mr. Johnston had passed should have caused a breakdown of even his strong constitution. It came, in February, 1815, in the form of an acute attack of gout. He was then less than thirty-four years of age and during the remainder of his life was never free from this painful

malady. In addition to his physical suffering, he was tormented by the fear of being misjudged by a censorious world.

"Last night I was seized in the midst of a violent perspiration with a most acute pain in the right great toe which has nearly rendered me unable to walk. This distresses me very much as the pain is incessant & increasing. I surely have not been living so freely as to induce a *Gout* and yet I am at a loss to find another name for it. Should this really be the case I fear I not only have in my constitution the seeds, no longer latent, of the troubles attendant on premature old age; but this will be considered by the world as resulting from excesses which I have always abhorred; and besides my plans and the prospect which was opening to my view will be blasted from my inability to follow them up. Spent the evg. at home *alone* & exceedingly depressed."

Days of consultations with physicians, of doubt buoyed up by hope, and hope destroyed by pain ensued. The following week he was still lame but by cutting open his shoe "was able to hirple down stairs and hop to the exchange!"

On March 15th word of the ratification by Madison of the treaty of Ghent had arrived, and on March 25th "the melancholy news of Bonaparte's entering Paris." John immediately began to make preparation for returning to America. He paid a final visit to his family in Scotland, where he promised his brother William "if he attended to his education (grammar, B. Keeping and afterwards french) to take him out in about a year" to America, and agreed to "give Jenny £50

on her marriage to her parents' liking." As a parting gift William Johnston presented to him the "Mull" which is shown on the title-page, a "Mull" being a large snuff-box made from a ram's horn and usually handed around among a party of friends.

On July 24, 1815, after an absence of nearly two years, John Johnston landed in New York, and closed his journal as usual by a short review of his impressions: "So thus have I happily brought to a termination an expedition in which good & ill has been pretty equally balanced—I have seen a good deal more of the world & have perhaps learnt better how to estimate men & things. I have also upon the whole I hope been successful in establishing a correspondence for my House, but I have dissolved a charm which had long filled my bosom with indescribable pleasure—I have found that even in my native land and in the midst of many of the companions of my youth the pleasures that enchanted me in my juvenile days cannot again be realized. I found that the cares of business too much occupied my mind to allow me to relish the light & innocent pleasures that had formerly occupied my whole soul, and I was unlucky too in engaging in that unfortunate Amsterdam adv. . . . which infused much bitterness into the cup of my enjoyments."

CHAPTER V  
EARLY MARRIED DAYS  
1817—1832

A LETTER written by John Johnston September 6, 1808, contains the following words:  
“My resolutions on this subject are, 1st never to marry a wife until I can support & maintain her in a decent rank—this I hold to be essential to the right enjoyment of matrimonial life.

“2nd. Never to marry a woman whose religious opinions run counter to my own; for there my happiness wd. be marred.

“3rd. Never to marry a woman merely for her money, for then I might reasonably expect to be more or less under her control, and I hold it to be potent truth & sound doctrine that man is, or ought to be, master of his own house.

“4th. Never to marry a widow for then in case of matrimonial broils, and such things there will be, I would be afraid of having a contrast drawn betwixt me & her first husband of which the result, in all probability, would not be very flattering to my feelings.”

Yet, in spite of paragraph 4, during the summer of 1817 he was paying earnest suit to Margaret Taylor,



JOHN TAYLOR





widow of Resha Howard! The young people were of common Scotch origin and undoubtedly had become acquainted through their friends, Robert Lenox and his brother James. Margaret's father, John Taylor, was an intimate friend of Robert Lenox, her brother, Robert Lenox Taylor, having been named for him, while John Johnston, as has been told, was connected in business with James Lenox.

John Taylor, formerly of Glasgow, had been for many years a successful New York merchant, whose city house was 23 Cliff Street. His country home, situated on the site of the present 39th and 40th Streets, ran from Fifth Avenue to the Bloomingdale Road (Broadway), and comprised a farm of about ten acres. The house, a large one among beautiful trees, was encircled by a piazza with high white columns. Here in "Bloomingdale, sweet Bloomingdale," Margaret Taylor Howard had passed the summers of her four years of widowhood, and here, amid these gracious surroundings, John Johnston's wooing took place.

Margaret, three years his junior, had married Resha Howard in 1809, and had had one child, Elizabeth, who died when a year or two old. She had passed through experiences that mature and deepen, and when for the second time she was asked to join her life with that of another, knew, as the pages of her journal show, the value of an honest man's affection.

"Why should I hesitate, he is a professor of religion, an excellent character, an agreeable person, and if I credit his word, loves me in the way I have often wished to be loved by him.

"June 9th. Still in perplexity, what would I give

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

for a kind indulgent Mother in whose breast I might pour all my troubles; to my Father I dare not speak, yet until I know his will I scarce dare have one of my own; oh, if I ever should be blessed with a family may I teach them to *love* as well as *fear* me.

“June 10th. Last night had an interesting conversation with J. J. I hope that I have not done wrong, but I have given him room to think that if Papa makes no objection I shall make none, should we ever be united grant us Oh Lord thy blessing.

“17th. This day moved out to Bloomingdale, sweet Bloomingdale, where I have spent my happiest and some of my most miserable hours. I have again a prospect of happiness, my heart look to thy Maker for a continuance of it.

“24th. The die is cast, my Father has given his consent and cheerfully, too, as I can judge from his behavior. Now I can no longer hesitate; oh heavenly father grant us thy blessing, may we make the resolution of Joshua ours, let others do as they will, as for us we will serve the Lord.”

John rented a horse and gig by the month in order to go driving with Margaret, and in August began to prepare for his wedding, which was to take place at Bloomingdale on September 2d. For this important occasion he had made

“A coat of Impl. Saxon blue cloth.....	\$36
“A white Marseilles vest.....	5 50
“A pair drab cassimere pants.....	14
“18 Rich gilt buttons (for the coat) 5s 3d.”	

Besides the above he ordered a pair of Wellington

boots. It would be interesting to know something about the dress of the bride as well.

He hired a carriage for their wedding journey, which he kept for ten days, driving it himself as far as Hartford, and from there sending it back to New York. They probably occupied the remainder of the three weeks they were away, in visiting Margaret's relatives, near New Haven.

On their return from their wedding journey John took his bride to her new home at 16 Greenwich Street, then a fashionable locality very near the Battery. Battery Park was not as extensive in 1817 as at present, and the trees not half the size they have since become, but the breeze was always cool and fresh, and there in the long summer evenings might be seen a concourse of gaily attired people enjoying the pleasant scene. These promenades in this delightful spot in view of the waters of the harbor were a social feature of the time.

In Greenwich Street they were joined by Margaret's adopted child, John Taylor Sherman, the son of her sister Eliza, Mrs. Thaddeus Sherman. This little boy, born not long after the death of Margaret's own child Elizabeth, who was named for this same sister, had probably been informally adopted during her widowhood. He was now three and a half years old and was hereafter usually a member of John's family. He remained with them that winter, but when in the spring a journey to Europe was determined upon, was sent back temporarily to his mother, who lived at 51 Maiden Lane. Messages about his health and his progress were frequent, Margaret's father writing to her that "Little

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

John is as hearty as a little Buck . . . at school to Mother & learning very well," . . and, "John has nearly forgot Greenwich Street."

While Margaret clung to this tie of her former life and always felt the deepest affection for the adopted child of her widowhood, it was almost the only association with the past that she allowed herself. She never from the day of her second marriage mentioned her first husband or the little daughter she had lost, tore out of her journals all the pages relating to that earlier period, and none of her children or grandchildren ever heard her refer to it in the most distant way. Late in life, one of her grandchildren, noticing the letters "R. H." on a piece of silver, was indiscreet enough to ask whose initials they were and received the curt reply that the silver had been "left to her by a friend."

May, 1818, found the young people on their journey across the ocean, and on arrival at Liverpool they started immediately for Glasgow, where John Johnston had business and where many of his wife's relatives lived. Here her brother Andrew Taylor joined them and remained with them for a long time. Now and then they started in "high spirits" for short trips in Scotland, England or Ireland, both for business and pleasure, but lived most of the time in Glasgow during their year's absence from New York. Margaret's father frequently sent John bills of exchange for his wife's use, at one time writing teasingly that he supposed "Margaret is not strong in funds . . . I dare say you are wishing her at home again, being the most expensive part of your Luggage."



VIEW OF THE BAY AND HARBOUR OF NEW-YORK, FROM THE BATTERY.

*Painted and Engraved by J. M. W. Turner, R.S.A.*

THE BATTERY IN 1830





One of their greatest enjoyments, Mr. Johnston's journal records, was in going to the "Iron Church to hear the celebrated Dr. Chalmers . . The scope of his sermon [was] to shew that the existence of many estimable moral qualities in Men unacquainted with the Gospel was no proof of their not being totally depraved by nature & Enemies to God . . . He . . finally concluded . . . with a burst of Eloquence surpassing any thing I ever before heard which perfectly astonished & delighted me.

"His action is violent, sometimes with the one hand sometimes with the other but never with both at once, the one being used to guide his eye to the notes which he always keeps before him altho' he is not a close reader. His stile is beautiful altho' he pronounces many words in the Scottish manner." Another time he wrote, "We heard Dr. Dick, whose eloquence is, according to Dr. Mason, that of the still small stream whilst Dr. Chalmers is the bursting dashing & roaring of the mighty torrent."

They paid a visit to Haugh of Urr, where they found John's father very comfortable in Millbank Cottage, the new house his son had built for him. Here they were welcomed and treated with every possible "kindness and attention." They also went to see "Aunt Jane Proudfoot and spent the day on the banks of Moffat water," where doubtless John would have gone fishing as usual had it not been Sunday. Tenderly as he had always regarded the place, it seemed equally beautiful to Margaret. "My aunt, honest woman, gave us a hearty welcome & a great many good things, altho' in plain stile . . . afterwards walked



in the garden & grounds which have lost none of their beauties. In viewing this place I am no doubt partial from early recollections, but my wife, who can have no such partiality, pronounces it the loveliest spot we have visited."

Friends had given him letters of introduction to people of importance, and he and his wife were entertained hospitably in the various cities which they visited.

In Ireland he was much interested in the condition of the peasantry, and wrote in his journal as follows:

"The inhabitants are almost universally in rags, and form a very extraordinary contrast to the appearance of the Country, which seems to produce almost spontaneously very fine crops of Corn & Potatoes and the richest grass I ever saw. Their farming utensils seem much inferior to those of the Scots, and their Carts, or Cars, are paltry little things with thin block wheels about two feet in diameter which turn with the axletree, & on which they seem to carry a load not much exceeding what might be taken on a wheel barrow. On reviewing our ride through Ireland I am more & more struck, at the prodigious contrast between the country & the inhabitants. The former is uncommonly fine & in despite of indifferent agricultural implements & scanty manure, the accompaniments of poverty, every where produces most Luxuriant crops of Corn & Grass, while the wretched inhabitants seem hardly to have wherewithal to cover their nakedness. This remark applies to the whole of our journey, to the very confines of the capital—we have hardly seen a single farmer, that we knew to be such, decently

dressed & hardly a Laborer or mechanic that was not clothed in rags."

He also found much to reflect upon in the condition of the small tenant farmers of his own land, and describes what he saw on a journey from Kenmore to Loch Erne:

"The stupendous mountains which rise on each side the lake are only skirted with wood along its border & raise their lofty heads, naked & bare, to the clouds—what land is cultivated lies also along the border of the lake, for perhaps half a mile up the sides of the mountains:—beyond that there are few fences, & only heath & rocks to be seen. The population is astonishing for such a barren region as Huts & miserable looking farm Houses, all thatched with Brackens, (& many of them with only a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape) are planted thick on both sides; and, as usual, abundance of chubby Children, dressed in the Philibeg, crawling about in the mud. This dress is not so much used by the men—I suppose not one in three of those we have today seen are dressed in it.

"The inhabitants generally farm a small Patch of one, two, or three acres, for which they pay about £3 pr. acre, with a House. This supports their families & they trust to their labor at some mechanical or other professions, to pay the rent. . . . The language is entirely Gaelic, but most of them understand English. They have good schools, where latin also is taught. The Clergyman . . . preaches half the day in English & half in Gaelic."

After these trips he and his wife, in November, 1818, settled down in Glasgow, where their first child,

a daughter, was soon afterwards born and died. Mr. Johnston was deeply grieved at this "sore disappointment." "I have just returned from laying the remains of the lovely infant in the Churchyard, & with it all hope of having a child that can call the country of its parents its own . . . My heart is full, but I bless God I can say, I trust with resignation, 'Not my will but thine be done.'" The poor father, according to the spirit of the times, seemed to think that this bereavement might have been sent as a punishment for their sins and added, "I pray God it may produce the effect of turning us from them, so shall this chastisement, altho' it certainly at present seems grievous, produce in us hereafter the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

As he always wished to use every opportunity for self-improvement, he attended a course of chemical lectures at the Glasgow University, and by way of amusement went to see the King's Falconer exhibit his hawks. They had here great pleasure in dividing among their friends a consignment of a dozen Virginia hams sent to them from America. It was in Glasgow also that Mr. Johnston wrote his reply to the "queries of Sir John Sinclair relative to the effects in America of the late suspension & resumption of specie payments," in which he said, "I stated my opinion that the latter measure had in every respect been beneficial to the country. The contrary is what I understand he wishes to establish."

On February 10, 1819, business obliging him to leave his wife, he "travelled with a heavy heart," moralizing thus as he went: "Man is the Creature of habit—for the last 18 mos. I have spent my hours

of retirement entirely with my wife, & I now feel miserable without her:—*before* I was happiest when *alone*.” He found, too, that he had lost some of his convivial tastes, for after supping with William Johnston and his friends in Kirkcudbright, where they had a “cheever and a crack” about “auld lang syne,” he complains, “the sitting continued longer than I wished it as we did not separate till 2 o’clock.”

During the long stage ride between London and Hull an amusing incident occurred. “At Lincoln . . . a lively well informed Gentleman entered,” he wrote, “with whom I soon got into conversation. From business we proceeded to the Catholic question where we happened to disagree about the Veto. In perfect good humour (not knowing my profession) he spoke of the solemn dignity of the *long faced* Presbyterians and I of the cold formality of the Episcopalians. He affirmed the Protestant Church had more to fear from sectaries than from Catholics; and I adduced America as a strong instance of no good resulting from Establishments, Religion there flourishing without them, and took occasion to remark on the crowded churches of the Dissenters in England whose salary depended on their own exertions & the comparatively deserted state of those of the Establishment. with the exception of a few popular preachers . . . I then took an opportunity of asking who he was & found to my surprise it was the Vicar of Hull.”

John was absent a month and on his return they prepared for their departure to America, travelling by coach to Liverpool and sailing on May 1st for home. There were twenty-seven cabin passengers aboard and

when the sea was smooth they used to dance on deck for exercise. Half way over they had the unpleasant experience of a short water supply, when "water was for the first time served out by measure 1 Pint per diem allowed each for washing." One afternoon, according to the journal, they "saw a sail resembling the *Atlantic* ahead at 3 p. m. She hove to & sent her Boat on board of us . . . It turned out to be the *Atlantic*, and Mr. [Robert L.] Taylor came on board of us. He is hearty & well altho' a little mortified at being so beaten, as the *Atlantic* sailed 10 days before us. We sent them some wine & sugar & got some candles."

When they found themselves near Gay's Head they "stood in" and landed one of the passengers, and on June 8, 1819, came to anchor off Beeckman Slip. "Mr. Boorman, Mr. Taylor & many of our other friends soon after made their appearance & we were happy to learn that all were well in whom we took an interest . . . On first landing here, particularly in the heat of summer, a stranger is much struck with the almost universally sallow complexion of the natives— notwithstanding my being so long accustomed to it, my first impression was that my friends had all lost flesh, & had the appearance of being newly risen from a sick bed."

A few days later the travellers returned to their home at 16 Greenwich Street. Mr. Johnston now resumed all his former activities. He had been made a member of the Chamber of Commerce in 1817 and had been for several years a member of "The Reading Room in Wall Street" and the "New York Bath;" he was also a shareholder in the Society Library, and later

owned stock in the Clinton Hall Association, organized to provide a building for the Mercantile Library. He had large shipping interests in connection with his brothers-in-law, Robert L. and Andrew Taylor, and they owned many vessels sailing for Liverpool, Savannah, Mobile and other ports.

His principal business dealings were, of course, centered in the firm of "Boorman & Johnston, Merchants." A book written in 1864 by "Walter Barrett, Clerk," called "Old Merchants of New York," gives an account of this widely known and prominent firm.

"Their business was at first selling Scotch goods, bagging from Dundee, etc. The firm did a very large business with Virginia, and at one time sold nearly all the tobacco that came to this market from Richmond. They also did a large iron business, receiving cargoes from England and Sweden. They always had Swedish vessels coming in loaded with cargoes of iron to their consignment.

"The store of Boorman and Johnston was on South street [No. 57] a long time. They then removed [their warehouse] about thirty years ago to [119] Greenwich street directly opposite Albany street. It was an immense store, with a very large yard. Here were erected sheds and iron bins.

"In 1835 Boorman, Johnston & Company received a consignment of immense iron pillars. I believe they came from Stockholm. They did their best to sell what nobody wanted. Finally, they set a mason to work, took out the under front wall of their great store in Greenwich street and placed the pillars underneath. There they remain to this day to be seen by any curious



person, and I fancy these were the first iron pillars ever made use of in this city.

"In 1828 Adam Norrie came out from Scotland and was taken in as a partner of B. & J., and the firm had 'Company' attached to it.\*

"They were the largest Madeira merchants, and received immense quantities of that wine every year. From Italian ports they received large consignments.

"Probably there are more merchants in this city, who were once clerks with Boorman, Johnston & Co., than with any other house. It would be a curious matter to see the list."

John Johnston continued to be a member of this firm for thirty-one years and only severed the connection in 1844 because of ill-health. Many years later, after Mrs. Johnston's death, when the contents of her house were divided among her heirs, huge demijohns and magnums of Madeira and other wines were found in the attic, labeled "Sent on voyage to India and back in 1819," some labels showing that the journey had been made twice. These undoubtedly had been so sent by Boorman, Johnston & Co., as a sea voyage was supposed greatly to improve the flavor of these wines.

The house in Greenwich Street, for which Mr. Johnston paid, unfurnished, \$125 a month, was not a large one. Rents were high and good houses hard to find. It had only two parlors on the first floor, a long narrow hall, not over three or at most four feet wide,

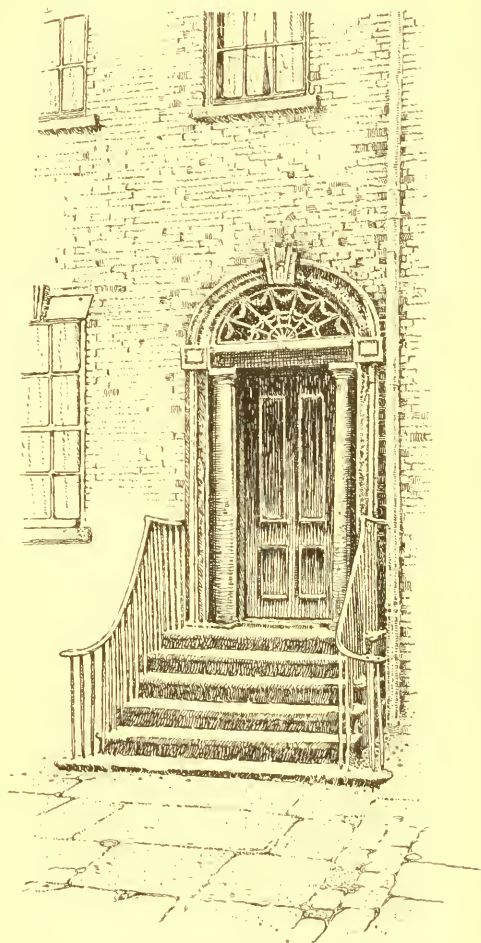
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\* Boorman, Johnston & Co. first appears in the New York Directory of 1832 and it was probably at this time that Adam Norrie, who had been their book-keeper, became a partner.

extending the whole depth of the house, and in the rear an enclosed piazza and a winding stairway to the two upper floors. The bedrooms also were small. John wrote to his father in 1827, "We have now four[children] of our own alive and one adopted, which fills our parlour very well."

Mr. Howard Sherman, a nephew of Mrs. Johnston, now in his eighty-eighth year, remembers this building well and says, "I used to stay with Jimmy in the old house in Greenwich Street and we both slept in a little trundle bed drawn out from under Aunt Johnston's bed, which was in the second story front room."

Here all their five children were born — John Taylor, 1820, Andrew Taylor (who only lived four months) 1821, James Boorman, 1822, Margaret Taylor, 1825, and Emily Proudfoot, 1827. Mr. Johnston had not, however, lived long in this home



THE DOORWAY OF 16 GREENWICH STREET

before the prevalence of yellow fever in the neighborhood gave him no little anxiety and was one of the reasons which later induced him to remove his family to the country during the summer months. Entries in his journal of 1819 give a graphic account of the visitation of that year.

“Septem. 6th. Some alarm having existed for one or two days on the subject of yellow fever the Board of health this day made a report of some cases in & near the Old Slip & recommended the removal of the inhabitants from between the Coffee House Slip & Coenties Slip from South, Front, Water & The East side of Pearl Streets . . .

“Septem. 11th. Dr. Dewitt died of yellow fever.

“Septem. 13th . . . 4 or 5 cases . . . some in Front St. immediately behind our store—we therefore have removed to my house in Greenwich St. Many are shutting up their Houses & Co. Houses.

“Septem. 14th. The movement from the ‘proscribed district’ general—an order of the Corporation for compulsory removals if necessary.

“15th Septem. The proscribed limits now almost deserted.

“16th Septem. Four new cases reported besides that of Mr. Gilbert Aspinwall who is now at the House Jamaica—an order of the Board to abstain from watering the streets.

“17th Septem . . . a good deal more alarm—many moving out of town & the lower part of the city pretty generally evacuated. One case reported at the foot of Rector St. which seems rather too near home.

“18th Septem. This morning the death of Mr.

Aspinwall & of his young man Johnson produced a prodigious sensation. Removal from all parts of the city common, from the East side almost universal—Broadway filled all day with loads of goods & furniture going out of town. Some of the public offices removed up to the upper part of Broadway.

“20th Septem. Excha. at Washington Hall where the Brokers also meet instead of Wall St. The entrances to the infected district shut up by Posts Boards & Railing. Only one new case reported but strong rumours of many others that had been suppressed . . .

“21st Septem. Banks had a meeting & resolved not to remove for the present. Still Wall St. has a very desolate appearance.

“22d Septem. Five new cases—Mrs. Smith Mrs. Copland & one other death . . . Mr. Boorman returned to Town & we removed our Counting House to 84 Chamber St.

“24th Septem . . . rather close weather which is thought unfavorable to the health of the town. Two new cases—both as usual, from Old Slip.

“25th Septem . . . made up our mind to go to New Haven on Monday week.”

Mr. Johnston now felt that he had waited too long, for on the day following the last entry, he found on reaching home, that his wife had gone to bed with a high fever. For a week she continued very ill, the fever sometimes more and sometimes less. It was ten days before she was well enough to be taken to New Haven by her husband, whose journal does not say whether it really was a case of yellow fever or not. On October 22d, no new cases having developed since

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

a frost which occurred October 13th, "the Mayor issued his proclamation of the city being free from fever," and they returned to New York.

In 1822 there was a recurrence of this epidemic, with several cases in Greenwich Street, and Mr. Johnston promptly removed his family to a house in Bloomingdale near his father-in-law's home, where they lived during the two succeeding summers.

Few people had summer homes in those days, and it was the custom for an entire family to visit a watering place during the hottest part of the summer. When we read of the fatigues and difficulties of travelling and the discomfort of the hotels, we wonder they did not prefer to suffer at home. Mrs. Johnston was, however, a woman of much spirit, not to be daunted by inconvenience or hardship. Once when they were travelling through the White Mountains in a closed carriage, she wrote, "I thought my poor neck would have been dislocated jerking my head from side to side that nothing might be lost," but added with commendable cheerfulness, "I shall be much benefitted by the journey, jolting over rough roads always does me good." More than once they had a "scramble for beds but the Ladies had enough while the Gentlemen stretched themselves on the floor with their Clothes Bags for Pillows."

In accordance with the above custom, the whole family, including "John Taylor," "Jemmy" and "John Sherman," accompanied by two servants, a pair of horses and a wagon, started in 1825 for Schooley's Mountain. During this absence they attended a church where, the journal chronicles, "the service commenced



at 10 1/2 o'clock & continued with an intermission of only half an hour, until near 3 o'clock" . . . [The clergyman's] two discourses today, altho' delivered with force and rapidity, took 2 hours & nearly 10 minutes & his prayers being also long he must have spoken nearly 3 1/2 hours in all. On his return home he again preached to people of colour & he has meetings of one kind or another to attend almost every day in the week. For all this labor in two congregations containing upwards of 300 families he receives only \$700 pr. ann. without any House or Glebe."

On the next "trip" of which we have any account, little "John Taylor, N. Y.," aged nine, wrote the journal. The family went first to Saratoga and after ten days proceeding to Schenectady, took a boat on the Erie Canal, which followed the banks of the Mohawk. Utica he referred to as "a pretty village." They continued on the canal until they reached Niagara Falls, travelled by steamboat down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, and returned home via Lake Champlain and Lake George.

The next year they spent three weeks at Saratoga, and one of the first things John Johnston did, a custom pursued wherever possible, was to subscribe to the circulating library on his son John's account as well as on his own.

On all these trips they were accompanied by Mrs. Johnston's nephew. He and his cousin, six years younger, were called respectively "John Sherman" and "John Taylor," the latter name clinging to John Taylor Johnston even after his college days were over. As years went by, John Sherman, who was a charming



JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

but somewhat wayward boy, craved more change and adventure than he could get in his aunt's household. In 1829, he was sent to his uncle Andrew Taylor, in Liverpool, and shortly thereafter was allowed to realize his great longing and go to sea on one of his uncle's ships.

Not long after his return from Europe in 1819, Mr. Johnston redeemed the promise made to his brothers William and Robert and arranged for their coming to America. William arrived in New York in 1819, and for a year or two was employed in his brother's office, after which he went to Petersburg, Virginia, where John had friends. There he married and spent the remainder of his life. Robert came over in 1821 and settled at Richmond, Virginia, becoming a partner in the commission house of Triplett & Johnston. Later he returned to New York. Alexander, the youngest brother, who had "preferred rather to remain at home & be a Lawyer or something," in 1835 changed his mind and sailed for Charleston in one of his brother John's ships.

For a number of years John Johnston had been a prominent member of the St. Andrew's Society and in 1831 became its president. The dinner that year was given at the City Hotel and took place, as was customary in those days, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The usual "standing" toasts were drunk among which were—

"The day and a' who honor it."

"The Land o' Cakes."

"The land we live in."

"The land of our nativity."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land'?"



MARGARET TAYLOR JOHNSTON  
ABOUT 1828



## EARLY MARRIED DAYS

John's brother Alexander, who was present at many of these dinners, gives a graphic account of one of them:

"There were about a hundred as lang lean hungry looking Scotchmen as you would ever wish to see . . . at last—Up struck the Bag Pipes 'till roofs and rafters a' did Dirl' and in we rushed to the dining room . . .

"And now for the eating and drinking; you may talk of your Pumpkin Pies, your Jellies & your Jams and your French cooking but with our party it was wha to eat the most in the shortest time, so as to get at the Drinkables . . .

"The night went round with song and clatter;  
And ay the yill was growing better;  
The Bailie told his querest stories;  
The compy's laugh was ready chorus;  
McCorquo's face as long's a mile—  
Did ghastly grin, a dreadful smile:  
Poor Smith who could not use his Pegs;  
Sang a long song about —Cork legs—  
And Rob, after some drinks & banter;  
Got up and gave us 'Tam o' Shanter.  
Thus songs and tales and Toasts went right,  
Until the witching time of night.

"Suffice it, that the Mirth and Hilarity of the Evng. kept pace with the Bottle (and that was by no means slow) until the clock struck 12 it being then Sunday morning."

As the city developed and prosperity increased, it became the custom for people of means to have their portraits painted by the best artist available. Rem-

brandt Peale was one of these, a man of no mean ability, and in 1826 John Johnston engaged him to paint his portrait, giving him "\$50 on a/c." Two years later, the portrait being still incomplete, he was, according to the note book, given the remaining \$100 "for which painting to be finished." Mrs. Johnston's portrait, a pendant to this, but not painted by the same hand, was probably done at very nearly the same time.

Three years later a picture was made of the four children, who formed a very attractive group—a group unhappily not long to remain unbroken, for on May 30, 1831, John and Margaret Johnston had the great sorrow of losing their youngest child, Emily Proudfoot, then only three and a half years old. This was a grief from which the mother with difficulty recovered. Her friends said that she never ceased to mourn for her baby, and John Johnston himself wrote a year later, "This day recalls painful recollections. It was on this day last year my dear Emily was given up by the Doctors."

In the spring of 1831 Mr. Johnston, with a number of his neighbors, decided to build a row of houses for themselves on the north side of Washington Square, which was then so far uptown that it was for all practical purposes in the country. They agreed upon similar plans and all the houses in the present block between University Place and Fifth Avenue were contracted for at the same time. The land belonged to the corporation of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, but the dwellings were owned by the following gentlemen, who erected them:



JOHN JOHNSTON'S FOUR CHILDREN  
1831





#### EARLY MARRIED DAYS

No. 1. W. B. Lawrence; occupied later for a number of years by Stephen Allen, who was a member of the original Croton Water Commission. This house is now occupied by a great-grand-daughter of John Johnston, Mrs. William A. W. Stewart, and her family.

No. 2. W. B. Lawrence; occupied later for a number of years by Shepherd Knapp.

No. 3. Henry Rankin; occupied from 1843 until 1868 by Jonathan Thorne. This house was afterwards used as a foundling asylum, and in 1884 was altered into a studio building, the facade being then changed.

No. 4. Samuel Thomson; later occupied by Thomas Garner, whose widow lived in the house until 1878.

No. 5. Edward A. Nicoll; occupied for a number of years by Gen. James Talmadge, at one time our representative at the court of Russia. Later Mrs. Richard Alsop lived here until 1877; later still Mrs. George M. Woolsey, and afterwards Charles W. Gould.

No. 6. John Johnston; later occupied by Saul Alley, whose widow continued to reside here for many years. Afterwards Mrs. William Redmond owned the house and her family still live in it.

No. 7. John Johnston; his widow lived here until 1879, since which time his grand-daughter, Mrs. Robert W. de Forest, and her family have occupied the house.

No. 8. John McGregor, Jr., whose widow lived here for many years after his death.

No. 9. John Morrison; later occupied by George

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

Griswold, whose widow continued to live here until her death about 1877.

No. 10. William and Robert Kelly; later occupied by John C. Green, whose widow continued to live here until her death in 1893. This house was afterwards the residence of Bishop Henry C. Potter and later that of Mayor George B. McClellan.

No. 11. Thomas Suffern, the only widower in "The Row;" occupied since 1874 by his daughter, Mrs. Edward N. Tailer, and her family.

No. 12. Samuel Downer, Jr.

No. 13. James Boorman; occupied later by his daughter, Mrs. Josiah W. Wheeler, and her family.

In 1872 William Butler Duncan combined Nos. 12 and 13 into a double house for his own residence. This was, until 1904, occupied by Mayor Edward Cooper.

The original plan provided for lots about twenty-seven feet front and this is the width of the first five houses. But Nos. 6 to 13 are wider, these eight houses having been erected on nine lots. Mr. Johnston secured two of these thirty-foot plots and, wishing to obtain a larger house for himself, retained thirty-two and one-half feet for his own residence, No. 7, building No. 6 upon the remaining twenty-seven and one-half feet.

The ground rents of the houses on Washington Square were at first \$130 per annum for the narrower and \$150 for the wider lots, and a memorial signed by all the lessees appealed to the Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor to make these rents perpetual, they having complied with their leases and having, accord-

ing to the document, "erected houses at least three stories high at vast expense, which has enhanced to a great extent all the neighbouring property." Their co-lessees under similar obligations had "on their part done nothing, but have awaited without any risk or the expenditure of any money the result of your memorialists' expenditures . . . Your memorialists would respectfully represent that great objection exists, on the part of the Public, to make purchases or to loan money on houses of the great value of these erected by your memorialists without having a perfect security as to the ground rents that may hereafter be exacted from the lessees of the lots aforesaid." Needless to say, the memorialists did not receive a favorable answer.

The exteriors of the houses were alike and the interiors differed only slightly. The fittings were similar—the mantels, for instance, which were beautifully carved, being made in Leghorn, Italy, from statuary marble. The same handsome gilt and bronze chandeliers were also to be found in a number of the houses.

In later years, when Mrs. Alsop, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Griswold and Mrs. Green, who were all intimate friends, had each lost her husband, this block was known as "Widows' Row."

While their house was being built, Mr. Johnston and his family took a journey to Europe, moving into their new home on their return, in November, 1833.

## CHAPTER VI

### TRIP TO EUROPE

1832-1833

THE business affairs of John Johnston having prospered greatly, he decided in 1832 to take his family on a pleasure tour through Europe. Accordingly, he and his wife with their three children, John, James, and Margaret, aged respectively twelve, nine and six, embarked on May 10th, in the sailing ship *Formosa* for Havre. The weather was very rough at first, and the father of the family had to wait upon his party of five, as even the "chambermaid" was sick. Amusements on board were not many; they had a swing put up for the ladies, and for Sundays, writes "John Taylor, aged 12," "We have brought Dr. John Mason's sermons and I generally read one to my father & mother every Sunday. Mother also hears James & I our catechism."

On June 2d they landed at Havre and, the fare on shipboard having been very simple, Mr. Johnston evinced great pleasure over the "Bouillies & dishes with gravies" and the "Salads & Pattes." Two days later he wrote, "I have a pain in my left foot!"

Seventeen years before, at the age of thirty-four, as has been said, he had had his first attack of gout, and had written in his journal that he could not understand why one so abstemious should be afflicted at so early an age with this troublesome disease. He began shortly after this time to frequent "baths," "drink waters," etc., both at home and in Germany, but with little success. English, Scotch and French doctors gave him contradictory advice.

"Dr. Abercrombie of Edinburgh," he wrote in his journal, "recommends simple diet, not mixed or variety—Forbids Claret & Beer but permits a couple of Glasses of Sherry after Dinner, and also recommends abstinence from acids. In France to drink weak Brandy & Water instead of Wine." Sir Henry Halford (of London) differed from Dr. Abercrombie in condemning all acids—said that "total abstinence would be injurious rather than beneficial;" thought that "good claret taken in quantity not over one pint a day would not be injurious and that animal food in moderate quantity might be taken with impunity if not too late in the day." Dr. Henry Holland, seen later in London, "listened to my statement and, as they all do, referred me to his book. He said I had done wrong to abstain altogether from wine, as a couple of glasses of good wine after dinner promoted digestion and half a glass in the forenoon with a cracker or biscuit would do no harm."

At Genoa in 1833, he was already obliged to go sightseeing in a sedan chair. As he advanced in years, the attacks became more severe; in 1835 we find him starting for the Virginia Hot Springs on crutches, and



JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

in Paris, 1843, confined to his hotel for nearly four months. At this latter time his toes were affected one after another, discharging chalkstones from various openings, and his son John wrote, "Until all the stones have come out he cannot be much improved." In later years his knuckles were affected in the same way.

All drugs except colchicum failed to afford relief, and as it was constantly necessary to increase the doses, the doctors, fearing that the drug might cease in time to be effective, recommended a "Cure" at Wiesbaden. This, alas, left the patient worse off than before and justified the judgment of his wife, who previously had written, "I feel now convinced that it is much better for him to be in a place where he is not tempted to fill his stomach with mineral water every day."

Mr. Johnston early recognized the fact that his attacks of gout were periodic, and in later years, that they were of weekly occurrence. He endured this infliction for thirty-six years, but notwithstanding his sufferings was rarely discouraged. The very first day that he was able, he would go to church or to his counting-house, and in spite of his crippled condition took two extended tours in Europe, travelling and sightseeing every moment that freedom from severe pain would allow him to do so. He also continued his voluminous journals, the one describing his travels in 1843-'45 being closely written and filling two good sized volumes.

From Havre in 1832 the family went immediately to Paris, although they heard startling accounts of the

cholera there. These do not seem to have worried them, nor were they alarmed when, journeying in Scotland a little later on, they passed through a town where this epidemic was raging and where Mr. Johnston wrote: "The Cholera is very destructive at present & we saw one quarter of the Churchyard entirely full of new Graves, in many of which four bodies are buried."

They spent a month in Paris. The Continental observance of Sunday, or lack of observance, according to Mr. Johnston's views, was a constant distress to him. "It seemed strange to us & very shocking to our religious feelings to see the people at work, shops & Theatres open as on week days . . . This day seems to be utterly desecrated in Paris. It is the day that the King chooses to review his loyal troops & the National Guard of Paris."

After their stay in the French capital they went to London and there made many preparations for their more extended trip. Mr. Johnston purchased for 150 guineas a huge travelling carriage or "chariot," for which he had the most remarkable trunks made—a large flat one, over four feet square and eight inches deep which was strapped on to the top of the carriage, and others queerly shaped that fitted under the rumble, the postillion's dickey, etc. All these extraordinary trunks were found in the attic of No. 7 Washington Square, after Mrs. Johnston's death in 1879.

In this carriage with post horses they started for Haugh of Urr, stopping on the way at Birmingham, to visit Mr. Johnston's brothers, Samuel and James. Here he saw his sister Dorothea, now a school-girl of

sixteen, whom, however, he did not recognize, as she was only two years old when he was last in Scotland; also his brother Alexander—"a strapping young man 6 feet high." He gave them all handsome presents and directed James to put Dorothea "to a better school," for which he agreed to pay "£40 or £50 per annum if needful."

The occupants of the "chariot" then continued on their way, passing Flodden Field, "which Mrs. J. & myself," John wrote, "saw with renewed interest—John Taylor with exstasy." In passing Abbotsford he heard that Sir Walter Scott was still alive but lingering in a hopeless state and observed, "His death will be a great loss to this part of the country on many accts."

From Abbotsford it was not far to Moffat, and they went over to Dumcrief to tea. "Aunt Jane, now in her eightieth year . . . was delighted to see us and had provided sumptuously for us and we sat down in her small cottage to the number of twelve persons. Before eating we had a delightful ramble by the bonny banks of Moffat Water . . . and had plenty of gooseberries."

Near Dumfries they visited "Dalskairth," the beautiful estate of James Lenox, in whose New York office John Johnston had begun his business career. He showed them his fine gardens, deer forest and fishing streams. In 1818 Mr. Lenox had permanently retired from the firm of Lenox & Maitland and had returned to Scotland to live at Dalskairth, which was in the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright and therefore not far from the Haugh.

John Johnston was now, after an absence of thirteen years, again nearing his old home in the heart of

Gray Galloway—the country which, in the uplands, is all granite boulders and stretches of purple heather, while below, in his early days, were “lanes” of water, marshes and moss-hags—the land of which Crockett so loves to tell, which used to be “as it were, all in hummocks and tummocks, with green wet patches between, over which at most times of the year one must leap.” It was quite different now, and Mr. Johnston wrote: “Everywhere we found the Mosses smoking, the plan being now to pare off the top & burn it for manure and afterwards to drain & sow:—and some very good crops are thus obtained from the otherwise barren moors.”

A drive of a few miles brought them to Haugh of Urr, where they found the family all well; John Johnston, the grandfather of the children, whom the latter saw for the first time, being “in excellent health tho’ now nearly eighty.” They spent the next day at the Haugh and enjoyed a “stroll among the green fields.”

On William Johnston’s invitation they paid him a visit at Kirkeudbright, and the day being Sunday, John Johnston made the following comment: “It is pleasant to observe how quiet & orderly a Scotch Town is on the Sabbath. Altho’ this is a seaport, & altho’ there was noise enough until near midnight last night, yet today all is quiet & not a creature to be seen in the streets except those who are going to or coming from Church.”

After calling on other old friends, John Johnston took the road for Balmaghie, stopping on the way at Boateroft to see old William Geddes, now in his eighty-sixth year, the father of Tibbie Geddes, who once

found the younger John, "greeting by the burn side." From there they passed by his birthplace at Barnboard and, as we read in the journal, "proceeded to Balma-glie Churchyard to see my mother's grave — perhaps for the last time until I also be gathered to my fathers."

In Edinborough, where they arrived in the middle of August, they rented a new house, No. 1 Carleton Place, Regent Terrace, and filled it with hired furniture. This house, still unchanged, has a beautiful situation, the Terrace, high above the surrounding country, commanding a fine view of Holyrood Palace and of Arthur's Seat. Mr. Johnston could not look at Holyrood Palace without deep commiseration for the unhappy Mary. "I constantly have a kind of awe on me when I visit this building rendered venerable by its antiquity & by its association with the independence of Scotland. The certainty too . . . that the rooms, furniture &c. are the same that were used by the unfortunate Mary more than 250 years ago communicates a certain feeling which it is impossible to describe, and gives rise to a train of melancholy musings which to me have a peculiar charm."

In September the boys were entered at the Edinborough High School near-by, continuing their studies there for about a year, except for the period between March 16th and July 16th, 1833, when they travelled on the Continent with their parents. The children stood well in their studies, even little "Mag" at one time claiming two ha'pennies from her father for having been Dux twice at her school. The parents wrote home that James had turned out to be a good scholar, and that John Taylor learned well but was



HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT  
AS SEEN FROM REGENT TERRACE





very thoughtless. When the boys left the High School, their father mentioned, with evident pride, that John Taylor Johnston received the prize of fifth Dux in his class of one hundred and twelve boys.

The children were taken, as "their weekly reward for good conduct," to the camera obscura, the automaton exhibition, etc., with which they were greatly pleased. They were extremely intelligent and full of individuality. In nine-year-old Jim's letters, which are much more spontaneous than those of John, who rarely mentioned anything more entertaining than a sermon or the weather, the sufferings of a younger brother from the arrogance of one of earlier birth are amusingly depicted. "I think John takes rather to many airs upon himself (as I think You will be told when you come back) but let that pass." He also told of a new minister with a nose "rather too much like that of the Christian who only allowed himself four glasses of wine," and added by way of postscript, "As Jenny Deans said, 'Excuse bad Speeling & Grammer as I have a bad pen!'"

Their pleasures were very simple. Being good Scotch Presbyterians, they of course had no presents on Christmas, but on New Year's Day John Taylor wrote that he received "the first volume of the New Casket, a small box of sugar plums & a silver eye-glass." On his father's return from an absence, the journal continues, "He brought me a book called 'Sketches from Nature;' James, 'Natural Magic;' & sis, 'Natural History.'" During their stay in Edinburgh the boys were delighted by a visit from their cousin, John T. Sherman, who had arrived at Liver-

pool from Savannah on one of his uncle's sailing ships, the *John Taylor*, and now spent his "shore week" with them.

On Thursday, June 1st, John Johnston made the following entry in his journal: "This is the Sacramental fast throughout the City & very strictly kept, all the Shops &c. being shut."

In Scotland at this time the "Sacramental fast" was an annual or semi-annual day set apart for humiliation and prayer. It was usually observed during the week preceding the celebration of the Lord's Supper and on this day all business was suspended. At the Preparatory Service held at this time, a large pewter medal called a "token" was given to the members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church who were deemed worthy to join in the Lord's Supper, to which no one was admitted without a token. An attack of gout, however, prevented Mr. Johnston from being present at the Communion service on Sunday. "My foot is not well enough to permit me to go to church, at which I am sorry as I had intended to join in Communion with Mr. Marshall's for which purpose I had obtained a token."

In January Mrs. Johnston went to Glasgow to visit her relatives, and Mr. Johnston left for Galloway to see his family there. He made his home, during this visit, with Mr. Lenox at Dalskairth and was fêted by all his old friends. After nightly dinners for three weeks with all kinds of good things to eat and, presumably, to drink, it is not surprising that he barely reached Edinburgh in time for another severe attack of gout.

## TRIP TO EUROPE

A journey to the Continent had been planned for the spring of 1833, and on March 16th, having already sent their travelling carriage on board the boat for London, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston left their "little daughter" and her nurse at the house of Miss Miller, who was to take charge of them during the parents' absence, and embarked with the two boys. On ship-board they had a funny fashion of sitting in their carriage on deck, or even sleeping in it, if it was hot or close below, which must have afforded immense entertainment to their fellow-travellers.

From London they went to Calais, where they had the pole of the carriage taken out and a pair of shafts put in, which enabled them to harness "three post horses abreast, who went at a kind of jog trot & looked almost like English cart horses only . . . handsome with rope and leather harness;" they also had "a Postilion with a thundering Pair of Boots, cracking his whip round his head, as if he set the World at defiance."

At Paris they took rooms in the Hotel Meurice, and to reach their parlor had to mount one hundred and seventeen steps—a hard tax on the father of the family. Here they were joined by a Mr. and Mrs. Magee of New York, who, in their own carriage, were to make the trip with them.

On March 29th, they all left Paris and, travelling via Cannes and Nice, arrived at Genoa. The country near Chalons reminded Mr. Johnston of the banks of the Connecticut between Hartford and Northampton, but was more fertile on account of the irrigation. He tells of their arrival at Ventimiglia where "we found the whole town in motion. We were received by the

Priests & their Pupils outside the Gates who all lifted their hats & bowed—by the officers & soldiers at the Gate who presented arms & by the People in the streets bowing & lifting their hats as we passed—and indeed the streets were so thronged there was hardly room for the carriage to pass. We thought it was some great festival & had marked the people down as the most polite in the world;—but soon after we found out the secret. They took us for very different characters; not plain Republicans but Scions of Royalty. It appears the Ex Vice Queen of Italy (widow of Eugène Beauharnais) left Nice this morning also on this route—and they mistook our Cortège for hers. Hence the attentions we received.”

As they passed from France into Italy, he observed: “In personal filthiness & rags the Italians are rather worse than the Provençaux, altho’ they are bad enough. The women work by the streams & spin by the road side on the old fashioned distaff as the French do. The men make the beds cook the victuals and lounge about the Houses . . . One remarkable peculiarity of the peasants is that however meanly clad they always have a kind of cloak thrown around them & muffled up over their chin. This is frequently nothing but a parcel of Patches so that they are to appearance worse dressed than the meanest Beggars in Scotland . . . Monks of all orders, Priests & Friars are as thick as Hops in the street.”

A great annoyance suffered in Italy was in connection with the post-horses, the Post Master insisting on their taking more than were really necessary. There was always “a battle about four Horses & two Pos-

tilions to each carriage, which was renewed & fought over at each Post with varying success—at one Post it was carried by our courier before the Governor, who decided in his favor, & sent a Gen d'Arme to enforce the decision; but this did not prevent the same attempt at the very next Post.” Through these delays they sometimes did not arrive at their destination until ten o'clock at night.

When, on April 27th, they came in sight of Rome, they felt greatly disappointed, for they had read about the seven hills on which it was built and expected to find it on a high and commanding situation. Their first day in the Eternal City was a strenuous one. They began at the Piazza del Popolo and the Corso, visited the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, through which passed the Sacra Via, viewed the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, the columnus of the Temple of Concord, the Temples of Antoninus and of Jupiter Stator, the remains of the Temple of Peace and of the palace of Augustus on Mont Palatinus. Next came the Gilded House of Nero, the Coliseum, the Arch of Constantine, the Arch of Titus at the entrance of the Forum, the Church of St. John Lateran and that of St. Mary Majeur. “We then took a drive,” Mr. Johnston cheerfully adds, “in the course of which are the Aqueducts of Appius Claudius, Nero and Caracalla. Round the wall near the Flaminian Gate, by which we again descended to the Piazza d'Espagna, and arrived at our hotel hungry & tired enough at 6 o'clock, when we dined!”

John Johnston had had few opportunities to see good pictures, and some of his comments are rather



amusing. Of those in the Borghese Palace he wrote: "Many of them struck even me who have no critical knowledge of art as being beautiful . . . Guido's St. Sebastian with three arrows in his body struck me more than any other. Some pictures were pointed out by the Guide as of first merit of which the colours appeared to me very indifferent & had I met with them anywhere else I should have thought them poor pictures." Perugino he did not like—his paintings "are so stiff & highly coloured like Chinese pictures." Of the Tribune in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence he remarked, "There are two Venuses by Titian, which altho' painted entirely without drapery, & in an attitude so voluptuous as to shock the delicate feelings of our American ladies, are astonishing productions of the Pencil & seem to attract more attention than even the Marble Venus which stands below them."

St. Peter's impressed him greatly; he thought it "beautiful beyond conception." There he heard some most wonderful chanting. "One Eunuch, as I supposed from his appearance & voice, performed two or three solos in a voice I never heard equalled. I shut my eyes & tried to fancy the voice a woman's but there was a something about it still that differed from that, altho' certainly it was not that of a man." On leaving the church, he writes, "our own carriages not having arrived, a cardinal's coachman waiting for his master offered his services & brought us home in fine style for little more than double pay." They saw a newly-made Neapolitan Cardinal returning from mass, and the journal continues, "In his own splendid *red* carriage he sat with four footmen swinging behind

—followed by two other carriages of his own with each two footmen in his livery. This is humility with a vengeance.”

They “did” Rome in nine days, which at the pace begun on the first day would seem quite possible. A week was then spent in Naples; from thence they took boat to Leghorn and drove by way of Pisa to Florence.

In Rome John Johnston had ordered marble-topped tables; in Leghorn, four statuary marble mantels, “like Mr. Suffern’s,” busts of Wellington and of Hamilton, alabaster vases, colored marble fruits, etc.—all for the furnishing of the new home in New York. He very likely also purchased while in Rome all the copies of old masters and originals by poor modern ones with which his house at Washington Square was filled.

From Florence they travelled through Bologna and Padua to Venice. To this lovely place they gave only two days, Mr. Johnston greatly admiring its appearance from a distance but not finding much to be commended in the city itself. He remarked that he had seen the bronze horses of San Marco in Paris in 1814 and made the same comment about the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoon just seen at Rome. The mosaics of San Marco he thought “frightfully ugly being surrounded with tawdry gilding,” but added, “some of the Pillars are beautiful.”

He developed a discriminating taste for other forms of beauty and after seeing the Milanese women exclaimed, “The Ladies [are] some of them very handsome & if the women would only wear the mantilla of Genoa, instead of the black Lace of Milan, thrown

over their heads they might compare favorably with those of England."

The family now returned in their lumbering carriage over the Simplon Pass, from the summit of which they started at a little after four in the morning, in order to get ahead of a troublesome fellow-traveller who usually preceded them with four carriages and took all the horses. They bought watches and musical boxes at Geneva, though they generally had to mount to the seventh story to find the workshops, so necessary is it in these industries for the workmen to have the very best light.

A test of their remarkable endurance was made during their journey through France. At Avalon they were roused at three A.M. and after their morning coffee took the road. They arrived at Fontainebleau at half past nine that night, having travelled over eighteen hours and having covered one hundred and two English miles.

At Paris, still intent on furnishing, they visited a looking-glass manufactory and selected plate glass for the mirrors in the Washington Square house, one of which was, at the suggestion of the manager, silvered in their presence. They also bought a picture clock for the parlor.

Here the Magees left them, and they continued their journey through Brussels and Antwerp to London. In the latter place they once more heard Dr. Chalmers preach and again met him personally, much to Mr. Johnston's enjoyment, who remarked: "His flights are sublime but his pronunciation is worse than most of the Scottish clergymen of the present day,

being that of Fifeshire which is sometimes unintelligible even to me. Crowds of the nobility & of the first persons in Town were there, . the streets in the neighbourhood being lined on both sides with private carriages." Dr. Chalmers reciprocated this interest and admiration, once writing to the Rev. John Mc-Millan that "Kirkcudbrightshire might well felicitate herself on having given birth to such a noble-hearted Christian philanthropist as Mr. Johnston of New York."

While in England he and his wife were hospitably entertained, and in his journal he comments on the difference between the dinners in London and the course upon course served on such occasions in New York: "The dinners set out here are not so *profuse* as those we set out in America, but I think are in better taste . . . The stile is pretty much what it was in Holland Eighteen years ago. The meats after being set on the table are taken off & cut up by the Servants & handed round to the guests. The wine also is poured out by the Servants & the master sits in the middle of the table—all retire at once in about two hours after sitting down."

Before leaving London the carriage was insured and shipped to New York, though it is hardly believable that it was ever used there, and after an absence of four months the family returned by boat to Edinborough, where they found their "dear little girl" and Beulah, the nurse, well, and where they received letters telling of the death, in New York, of Mrs. Johnston's father, John Taylor.

Dundee was the place from which Boorman &

Johnston's principal shipments were received, and before sailing for home, Mr. Johnston went there to settle certain business details, and also made a final visit to his Galloway friends and relatives. He once more saw his mother's grave, about which he wrote: "My feelings were much overcome at the thought of what my good mother was & that my Dust was in all human probability destined to mingle with that of far distant lands." This was indeed the last time that he ever went to the Balmaghie Churchyard.

He breakfasted with his father at the Haugh and attended church with him, where "Mr. McWhirr discoursed with his usual ability for nearly 3 hours." His old teachers were not forgotten, nor the old family servants; with one he ate curds and cream, and to several he promised small annuities, one of them receiving a pension for over twenty-five years. His father and his stepmother were "much affected at parting."

In August the family bade adieu to Edinburgh and took ship from Glasgow for Liverpool, where they visited the "seat" of Andrew Taylor, and John Johnston wrote, "Walked on 'Change' where I saw many of my old friends."

Much to the delight of the boys, they took a trip on the "celebrated railroad" to Newton. "The velocity with which we went & came," one of them exclaims, "was truly astonishing. The distance is 16 miles which we did in 30 minutes, being nearly 35 miles pr. Hour—and yet in looking out on the fields you were not sensible of the greatness of the speed—but when you looked at the walls and other objects close to the carriage, particularly the perpendicular rock through

which the railway is sometimes cut, & which approaches near to the carriage on both sides, the rapidity with which they seem to pass gives rise to a sense of Giddiness."

Before sailing, John Johnston sent gifts in money to the family and to many charities, including the Dumfries Infirmary and the poor of Kirkcudbright. That he was always ready to help his people in a pecuniary way, is evident from the numerous presents he gave them when "at home" in Scotland, or which he sent them from New York. He paid for his sister Dorothea's schooling, offered to aid in establishing his sister Margaret on a farm, provided she would "make a match near home, so that she could still watch over the declining years" of her parents, and gave each of his brothers substantial assistance in business. He did not, however, believe in extravagance and wrote to his brother James that he feared "Doro. had spent £18. 1. 6 in last six mos. for Clothes & extras, which was a great deal too much." He had a decided objection to feeling that anyone was imposing upon him, and when he thought that some of his relatives were asking too much, they were informed that he had left them "handsome remembrances" in his will, and that thereafter any sums they might receive would be deducted from the legacies he had designated for them.

He constantly assisted in building both churches and schools in Scotland, frequently paying as much as half of the cost and also contributing to their support. Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, Laurieston, Balmaghie, Tongland, Girthon, Anwoth and many other places had substantial help of this kind from him.



The long journey abroad was now over, the family having travelled many thousand miles, always with great appreciation and enthusiasm. John Johnston was an intelligent observer; while his artistic sense had not been much developed, he noticed critically the country through which he passed, made comments as to the people, crops, cattle, fences, irrigation, etc., and spoke particularly of the trees, disliking the clipped and dwarfed ones, although his taste lay more in the way of having things neat and tidy than picturesque.

On entering Switzerland from Italy, he had exclaimed: "What a contrast the Canton of Vaud furnishes to that of the Vallais! Here all has an appearance of industry & comfort—there of beggary & starvation! Here, for the first time almost since we have entered France, we find beautiful forest trees in their natural state, not stunted and crowned with unsightly bumps . . . No lazy lounging sleepers by the way side & no Beggars—the people decently dressed & men & women busy in their Vineyards."

Their sightseeing was of the most vigorous kind. Sometimes, as has been said, they would arise at three A.M. and after drinking coffee, would drive several hours before taking breakfast. Apparently they ate only during the times when the horses were being changed. At one time they arrived at St. Jean de la Garde at half past ten P.M., "When," Mr. Johnston writes, "the night being fine & the Hotel not promising, we concluded to take our supper there & proceed on our way. We accordingly left this place at midnight, it being clear moonlight, and proceeded towards Nismes, 36  $\frac{1}{4}$  miles farther . . . arrived at Nismes at



WEDNESDAY

CITY HOTEL, PROPRIETORS  
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CITY HOTEL  
ONE BLOCK ABOVE TRINITY CHURCH



8 1|2 o'clock . . . having been 24 hours in the carriage saving only the 1 1|2 hours at supper." They never seemed to write ahead for rooms and sometimes had to go to four or five hotels before securing accommodations for the night.

On September 16th they sailed for New York on the *North America* with twenty-five passengers all told. When the voyage was half over, the "gambling passengers," as Mr. Johnston called them, wished to make a "lottery" betting on the day of arrival. It is amusing to note that while neither he nor Mrs. Johnston was willing to purchase anything so questionable as a lottery ticket, yet "to gratify the children" they "let each of them take one, 10s. each." On the Banks they "hove too the Ship & tried for some cod-fish but without success the water being 70 or 80 fathoms." The voyage lasted for five weeks and they landed in New York on October 22, 1833, after having "travelled by land and water about 13,000 miles."

Following their usual custom, they drove to a number of hotels before finding such rooms as they needed and finally settled at the City Hotel, then the best one in town, situated on Broadway just above Trinity Church. Here they remained until November 2, 1833, when, all the furniture having been transferred from Greenwich Street to "Waverly Place, Washington Square," and their European purchases having been unpacked, they moved into their new home.

## CHAPTER VII

### WASHINGTON SQUARE

1833-1842

THE new house at Washington Square, or, as it was called, "Washington Parade Ground," was greatly appreciated by all the family, who enjoyed living in a real home after their long journeyings. It was surrounded by green fields, very few dwellings having as yet been built so far uptown. The houses in "The Row" all had beautiful gardens in the rear about ninety feet deep, surrounded on two sides by white, grape-covered trellises, with rounded arches at intervals, and lovely borders full of old-fashioned flowers. Mrs. Johnston, who was particularly devoted to her garden, which she could reach by a flight of steps from her back parlor window, levied contributions in the way of peonies, lilies of the valley and other flowers on her various sisters who lived in the country. She was especially fond of "old man's beard," of which she always carried a sprig to church when it was in season. The garden at No. 7 remained in very nearly its original condition until an addition to the house containing the new library was built over it in 1894.

The family now settled down to a regular routine. The boys attended school a little farther out in the country, which they reached by climbing fences and going across lots. If on their way they found a building under construction, they would abstract some bricks, a tile or two and, of course, some shavings; then making a little oven, each would produce a potato from his pocket—with a result which may easily be imagined.

In the Square itself there was a pump with a long handle, which afforded the boys no end of amusement. All the occupants of "The Row" sent here for water for their weekly washing because of its peculiarly soft quality. A comical story is told about this old pump. One of the neighbors requested his coachman to fetch a couple of pails of water from it for Mary the laundress. The coachman said that this was not his business, and upon being asked by his employer what his business was, replied, "To harness the horses and drive them." Thereupon he was requested to bring the carriage to the door. The gentleman then handed the laundress with her two pails into it and bade her go and draw the water. After this the coachman preferred to perform the duty himself.

The occupants of No. 7 did not have to depend entirely upon this source of supply for soft water, as they had a large rain water cistern in their own yard—so huge, in fact, that the man who, in later years, filled it up said it was large enough for a horse to swim about in.

Mrs. Johnston, who was essentially a domestic woman, took the greatest pleasure in her numerous



closets, which gave her unlimited possibilities in the way of systematizing her belongings, and was never happier than when going around the house with her key-basket on her arm, weighing out currants and raisins, filtering the wine, or marking towels and putting them away by dozens. She had the tiniest brougham that ever was seen, and with it accomplished innumerable errands. Under the coachman's seat was a kind of box with a drop door opening inside, into which she could shove her many parcels.

While her husband, because of ill-health, was withdrawing himself more and more from general society, she was becoming more social. She had a beautiful large house, a dining table which would seat over twenty, and she loved to accept the hospitality of her neighbors and to entertain them in return, although one of her sons was often obliged to take his father's place at table. Mr. Johnston commented pathetically: "Your mother is becoming so gay that I sometimes wish she had another beau . . . Such gatherings are anything but agreeable to me but as we have young people coming forward, I think it is not our duty to withdraw ourselves from our circle of society until they can take our places."

When any old friends arrived from Scotland, Mrs. Johnston "made a dinner" in their honor; when Mr. Boorman brought an "Epergne" as a present from Europe, she gave an "evening company" to exhibit it, and when the heirs of John Taylor presented a pair of silver pitchers to her husband as a token of their gratitude for services rendered, he wrote: "It was lucky that they came so late in the season that your



"THE ROW"  
NORTH WASHINGTON SQUARE.



mother had not a chance to make a party to show them off, as in the case of Mr. Boorman's Epergne," complaining half whimsically in a later letter to his son John—"Your mother is well and sends her love but she has such an amount of talking to do that she has no time to write."

There is a little book that goes by the familiar name of "Grandma Johnston's Dinner Party Book," which gives certain interesting if homely details of her entertainments; in it we find records of many an "Evening Party" and "Dinner Party," or of a more informal "Tea and Coffee Drinking," and twice of a "Bridal Party." She always gives the list of guests and sometimes makes remarks about them such as—"The ladies were a great deal dressed," or "Everything was very nice but company rather stiff." We also hear how large the table\* was—"Two ends with large and small leaf, large enough for an Evening Tea Party if you do not have oysters," which were always in tureens at the two ends of the table, or that "The middle table, two ends & two leaves, will hold 18 persons."

The dressing of the "Epergne" is an important item, and we find such entries as "In the middle the Epergne with glass dish filled with fruit and geranium leaves;" "Epergne, artificial flowers, natural leaves;" "Flowers from our own garden;" "Disappointed in flowers, dressed the Epergne with Rose & Fancy Mottoes very prettily;" or more frequently it is "Superb bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Green," who lived at No. 10 Washington Square.

She seems to enjoy a variety and receives at times

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\* This table is now used as the dining table in E. J. de F.'s country home.

in the "Front Parlor" and at other times in the "Drawing Room," as the back parlor was called. Sometimes they dine in the "Drawing Room," at others in the "Front Parlor" and again in the front basement room, which is their ordinary dining room. Once she has a large supper served in the two front rooms of the second story. She also tries experiments in the lighting of the rooms and usually leaves the second room unlighted or the folding doors closed until supper time, even if there are thirty or forty people in the one remaining room. The lighting of the "chandelier in the Drawing Room" is mentioned as an occurrence of great importance. This is the gilt bronze one which now hangs in the parlor at No. 7 Washington Square, and was then used with candles.

The guests sit in a large circle around the two parlors, walk round and round in couples, or listen while Mrs. Johnston's nieces, Janet Sherman and Susie Taylor, sing "Love's Young Dream" and "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Sometimes, but rarely, there is dancing, and then only when a guest volunteers to "play on the piano," while the company dances the polka or the lancers, or, more rarely still, a Scotch reel.

Mrs. Johnston is of a frugal turn of mind, and although she is anxious that everything shall be handsome and that her guests shall have all they want to eat, still she can not bear to see waste, and hence there are notes—"Only half eaten" or "The Table was almost cleared." No one who reads the list of dishes served at one of her dinners can, however, accuse her of providing too sparingly. At a family dinner of four-

# WASHINGTON SQUARE

teen persons, served at five o'clock, they have the following menu:

<i>Dinner</i>	<i>Dessert</i>
2 Soups	Plum Pudding
2 Fish	Mince Pie
Fillet of Beef	Charlotte de Russe
Capon in Jelly	Meringues
Tongue do	Cocoa nut Cake
Boiled Turkey	Jelly
Sweetbreads	Blanc Mange
Terrapin	Candied Fruit
Ducks & Quails	Brandy Peaches
Partridges	Ice Cream 4 qts.
Croquets—Oysters	Grapes & L. Apples
Chicken Patties	Mottoes—Cake
Mushrooms	
Vegetables	Too much Dessert
Rolls	Middle Table, 2 ends

A Social Cheerful Party                      \$71.93

One of her friends, after suggesting a number of eatables for an evening entertainment, advises her to have also:

“Cake in forms—

Hounds standing on a rock—or birds in a nest  
Or chanticleer in his pride, or rabbits in pairs  
Or any shapes you choose—the animals iced.  
(Weller makes them to order.)

“If you do not have these you will require CONFECTIONERY BASKETS or something of the kind, high, to stand between the flowers, up and down.

“Also, THREE VASES FLOWERS—Let Flora be *generous*.”



There was a good deal of evening visiting among the ladies of the neighborhood. Mrs. Johnston would "run in" to see Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Griswold, Mrs. Alley or Mrs. Green, and they would return the compliment. These informal calls were made in the library in the second story, which was comfortable and homelike, although the furniture was covered with slippery black haircloth. The parlors had stiff rows of damask-covered chairs and sofas around the walls, and marble-topped tables in the middle with mosaic representations of the Roman Forum or of Pliny's doves, while worsted-work mats, daguerreotypes, alabaster vases, stone fruits, etc., were used as ornaments.

In one of the parlors hung a picture of a Swiss valley with a church in the foreground, in the steeple of which was a clock that used to strike the hours and play a tune, the hour being then repeated by the clock of an unseen and more distant church. This "picture clock," bought in Paris, was for many years out of order and silent, but on taking it, in 1880, from its long accustomed place, it began, like the harp in "Jack and the Beanstalk," to cry aloud and was carried off, protesting, to the storeroom, where it continued for some time to remonstrate against its removal, by playing its pathetic little tune. In these parlors Mrs. Johnston received her friends on Friday afternoons, Friday being, as it still is, "Washington Square Day," but it was not customary on these occasions to provide any refreshments for the guests.

It must not be thought that John Johnston's wife neglected him in any way, for she was devoted to her husband and he very dependent upon her. In a letter

to her son she refused an invitation to visit him at New Haven, saying: "What would your father do without me should he have one of his gouty attacks, from which he is now scarcely a week free?" Through all his years of ill-health her husband had no other nursing, although from an early date he was obliged to have the assistance of a "man servant." It was his wife, however, who made and applied his numerous poultices and her solicitous care increased with his increasing infirmities. "The less I visit the more indifferent I become about it," she wrote.

With Mr. Johnston the day was always begun by family prayers. These took place in the front basement room, which, as has been said, was the dining room. Between the windows stood a little table, on which lay the Johnston family Bible and that of John Taylor as well, while in a drawer of a desk were to be found the "Farmer's Almanac," and the "New England Primer" with its quaint little pictures and long s's, from which the children could learn that "In Adam's fall we sinnèd all," or that "Young Obedias, David, Josias all were pious."

On Sundays, old and young attended the Scotch Presbyterian Church in its new building on Grand Street, in which Mr. Johnston for many years held the position of Elder, his son John later filling the same office. The pastor at this time was the Rev. Joseph McElroy, who served this organization nearly fifty years, beginning his ministry in 1822, in the old Cedar Street church, from which he went with his congregation to Grand Street, and finally in 1853 moved with them to the edifice which they had built in Four-

teenth Street just east of Sixth Avenue. "He became one of the great figures in the New York pulpit, a noble and eloquent preacher," who often gave them sermons over an hour and a half long, which ran from "Firstly" all the way to "Fifthly" or even "Ninthly"; after which usually came the phrase—"A few more words and I have done," indicating that the discourse would be finished in about fifteen minutes.

Even after this old church had moved to a fashionable locality in Fourteenth Street, it still adhered so strongly to "old school" principles that, as late as 1867, about one-third of the congregation left when the old precentor, who used to strike his tuning-fork on the railing of the gallery to get his pitch, was supplanted by an organ. It was in this building that the great debate on the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith and also the trial of Dr. Briggs took place.

One of the quaint customs of this church was the arrangement made for the communion service; tables spread with a "fair linen cloth" were set the length of the middle aisle, as well as in the transverse aisles. Benches were placed on either side of the tables, and the communicants left their pews and took seats on these benches, where the elements were passed from hand to hand. Mr. Johnston and his wife for many years occupied the first seats at the central table.

On their return from service the mother, after questioning the children as to the text and the "Heads of Discourse," would mark the former in a big Bible which always lay on the table in her room, and could in this way, if not from memory, tell whether Dr. McElroy was repeating himself.

## WASHINGTON SQUARE

Alexander always spent Sunday with his brother's family at Washington Square, and was a great favorite with "John's young ones." He joined them at church and walked home with them for dinner, after which came a second service and then tea, when they usually ate "oat cakes and Palmazan cheese," of which they were all very fond. They spent the evening reciting hymns and "saying their catechism," this latter being the Westminster catechism, which consists of one hundred and seven long and difficult questions and answers. Alick complained that he was a little hurt when Mrs. Johnston, to quote his own words, "gave me a Scotch Mother's Catechism to refresh my memory, although I think I am pretty fair at my questions considering." After



"THE LONG 'UN"

his brother's family had gone to Europe, he wrote a quite pathetic account of his visiting, after church, the closed and padlocked house at Washington Square.

"The Long 'Un," as his nephews dubbed Alick, was very fond of horseback riding and with "little Jimmy" took frequent rides up the Bloomingdale Road before breakfast, often on the back of one of the coach horses, and sometimes returned with a "bockay" in his hand for Margaret. Of these excursions the aforesaid little Jimmy writes: "The Long 'Un & I

had a fine ride this morning—he came running up about half an hour after his time. I had just mounted & was riding down towards the University when I saw him away down at 4th Street. As soon as he saw me (thinking I was going off without him) he raised a cry like the sound of a Howl in the Wilderness, and came up University Place as fast as a pair of deuced long, ugly legs could carry him. We had a fine ride however.”

“John Taylor” and his uncle used to make long “Pedestrian Excursions” together, often extending them to a distance of two hundred miles or more. They enjoyed these trips extremely and John’s mother was always easy in her mind when she knew that her son was with Alick. The latter had a genuine admiration for his brother and wrote home to his Scotch relatives: “John and family are all well—a fine family. Mrs. Johnston a very kind indulgent pious woman—and John is truly an exemplary man & what is more I believe him to be a sincere Christian.”

Mrs. Johnston’s nephew, John Taylor Sherman, was also intimate in the household and made his home with her part of the time, but his roving sea life left him little time ashore. He sailed in various capacities on several of the ships owned by his Uncle Johnston and his Uncles Robert L. and Andrew Taylor, finally having command of the *Napoleon*. In 1841 this ship was lost in Mobile Bay, but through no fault of Capt. Sherman, as the pilot was in charge at the time.

After this he was given command of another ship, but once when he did not bring the vessel into port on time, his Uncle Johnston wrote him rather sharply



JOHN TAYLOR SHERMAN





that he had been dilatory in business. His feelings were terribly hurt, and he went off and disappeared, his family hearing nothing of him for a long time. Finally, they learned that he had died in London on October 1, 1844, and later, a heart-broken letter was received from a young English girl who claimed to be his widow, which, however, could never be verified.

He was evidently a fascinating fellow and was called "the handsome captain." His "Aunt Johnston," who was exceedingly fond of him, always made excuses when his ship did not arrive on time, and according to one of her friends, would "feel his death quite as much as his own Mother."

A very old family friend was George Johnston, the brother of William of Kirkeudbright. He was Mr. Johnston's first friend in New York, had his interest so much at heart and was so unfailingly kind that John, a few years after his arrival, had written to William, "You may rest assured that I shall take no steps without your brother's advice and approbation." When the latter was quite an old man, with a "caustic temper" and already lame in one leg, he had the misfortune to fall when getting out of an omnibus, and the wheel passed over his good leg, breaking it in several places. After this accident he was confined to the house and became very irascible. "The Old Gentleman is as crusty as ever," his friend wrote of him at this period, "and told Mrs. Kennedy the other day, as you know he told my Br. Robert once, that he knew her time was precious & he would not detain her—so, said he, 'Good bye.'"

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

His nephew, George Jr., had been a "thorn in the flesh" from the time of his first arrival with John in New York. He was an altogether worthless young fellow, unwilling to work, very extravagant, and always expecting his uncle to get him out of the troubles into which his own follies led him. His uncle finally cast him off, and John Johnston, who from the first had tried to help him in every way, and had been exceedingly patient through all these years, also became entirely discouraged. When in 1840 he married, the latter could not contain his indignation and exclaimed, "The great ass! He has never been able to support himself and now he is about to raise a family of Paupers!" Two years later George was imprisoned and convicted of a criminal offence, and his long suffering mentor, for the sake of the young man's father, paid the entire claim, a very large one, and succeeded in having him liberated. This was one of the reasons why old William so adored his friend.

About 1837 Boorman, Johnston & Co., transferred all the dry-goods part of their business to Wood, Johnston & Burritt. Robert Johnston, through his brother's influence, had become a partner in this concern and had had assigned to him the latter's "1/10th of the profits of the co-partnership." Later, when Robert had built the Dolphin Mills at Paterson, New Jersey, Alexander became a member of the firm in his stead, and it was then called Burritt & Johnston.

John Johnston was by habit an early riser; he breakfasted at seven o'clock each morning, reached his counting-house very early, and returned to dinner at four, while Mr. Boorman did not go down town before



ROBERT JOHNSTON  
AGED THIRTY-SEVEN



ten and stayed late, a condition of affairs which caused much grumbling among the clerks.

One of these clerks was James Boorman Johnston, who in 1840, when he had been for some months in his father's office, wrote to his brother as follows: "I have been transferred at Mr. B.'s request from father's to his room and you may judge the consequences. Instead of sitting cross-legged on a high stool sucking my thumbs and reading the Brother Jonothing, I find occupation enough for both thumbs and legs. The way it came was . . . one of Mr. B's clerks was absent and Mr. Boorman came in and asked Mr. Sampson if he could have one of his youths for the morning—granted—and your humble servant was the hon'd mortal—*vae mihi*. My endeavours happened to please him and he asked Father for me, which my unnatural parent granted." A month later his father said: "James comes on famously in the other office and is in high favour with the ruling powers. Poor fellow, he gets more cold than warm dinners now, as he seldom gets home before 5 o'clock."

One matter gave Mr. Johnston a great deal of worry about this time—a worry lasting over a number of years. His wife's father, John Taylor, who died in June, 1833, had made him one of his executors, and almost immediately afterwards, Andrew, the son who lived in Liverpool, began to make difficulties about the terms of the will. His sister wrote with reference to him, "He seems as obstinate as a mule." This trouble continued until a final settlement was reached, principally through the efforts of Mr. Johnston, in June, 1840, when the latter received from the heirs of John Taylor



JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

two very beautifully embossed silver pitchers, engraved with appropriate inscriptions, as a token of their gratitude.\*

Much of John Johnston's interest was centered in the New York University, which was located on Washington Square. In 1830 he had become one of its one hundred and seventy-five Founders, or shareholders, and a member of the Corporation. In 1835 he was elected a member of the Council, and a little later Vice-President, both of which offices he held until 1845, when he was obliged to resign on account of ill-health, his son John, then only twenty-seven years old, being by unanimous vote elected a member of the Council in his stead. It was here that the son had received his college education, having entered as a sophomore in 1836 and having graduated in 1839.

The father was actively occupied with the affairs of the University and gave it generous financial assistance. His letters are full of allusions to it—he gloated over the increasing number of students, and at the time when the officers and faculty were planning to add a medical department, wrote, “Our selection of professors is a promising one. We stole a march on the profession here or we should have got no rest in our beds at night for applications.”

Other matters, both political and financial, interested him. Although becoming more and more of an invalid, he was usually very conscientious about casting his vote, but in November, 1840, wrote to John: “You used to say that the side I voted on always lost. The Whigs cannot blame me for their defeat this time,

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\* These pitchers are now owned by his grandson, John Humphreys Johnston.



THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY  
WASHINGTON SQUARE



as I did not vote at all. I entirely disapprove of their management. That Mr. Grinnell and other respectable men of the party would have organized the plan for importing voters I do not believe, but think they *winked hard* while it was done by the understrappers. The Tammany party is so low that to vote with them would be contamination and so I maintained a ‘dignified retirement.’”

The financial disasters that had spread over the country in the late thirties and early forties caused a reorganization of many local banks and on January 20, 1841, we find him writing: “I am still able to attend to my out of doors duties.—lately I have been performing a very unpleasant one at the Bank of America, as Chairman of a Committee for reducing the Expenses of the Establishment. We have dismissed 8 Clerks, and reduced the Salaries of the remaining 17, including the Presidt. and Cashier, so as to save upwards of \$10,000 per annum in the expenses of the Establishment!”

He wrote frequently to his parents, now growing more feeble each year, and on April 29, 1841, gave Robert, who was returning after twenty years absence to Scotland, a letter to carry to his father. Neither Robert nor the letter arrived in time, for old John Johnston had died at the very time it was being written, three days after his faithful wife had breathed her last.

While Mr. Johnston was not unprepared for these events, they, in a way, emphasized his own growing limitations. “John leads a very quiet and retired life, seldom sees company but just sits and reads; he gen-

erally drives down to his office about ten or eleven o'clock and leaves about three for the day," Alick had written of this period.

His library was a great resource to Mr. Johnston during this time of increasing disability. Always a great reader, he had collected a large number of books, many of which were bought in Europe; some of them were valuable, but as his library was for use only, we find no mention in his papers of a rare or first edition. In his will he divided the books between his two sons.

Three large bookcases, one of them containing a writing-desk, reached almost to the ceiling of the library. This was a large sunny room in the second story, facing Washington Square, and here John Johnston spent a great deal of his time reading his books and writing his letters. The impossibility of reaching the upper shelves without assistance obliged him to have a flight of winding steps made for the purpose. This piece of furniture, built of as handsome mahogany as that of the dining table, is still in existence and is fully seven feet high; it moves on castors and has banisters and a handrail to match those of the main staircase in the house. His grandchildren always dubbed this erection "the pulpit," and many times did it figure in their games, being often called upon to represent a "dungeon tower" with a distressful maiden waving from the top of it.

Not being able to take much exercise, a "joggling" or "dispepsy" chair was procured for him—a veritable instrument of torture in which, by violently working its two handles, he threw himself up and down, thus securing somewhat the same exercise one would get by riding, without stirrups, on a horse whose trot was

hard! This chair also figured in many of the children's games in conjunction with the "pulpit."

Margaret or, as they affectionately called her, "Mag," was an extremely attractive young girl, and her letters are bright and sprightly. When she was fourteen, she wrote to her brother John: "You say it is a shame for *all* the young ladies to get married *now*, but on the whole it is better for them to *clear out* before Lydia Bally and Maggie Laughter come on the stage, & it will save them (the old young ladies) the pain of seeing themselves quite neglected."

She was at this time studying at the Misses Green's school at No. 1 Fifth Avenue, and her father said of her, "Mag is a great student,—studies till 9 p. m. and lights her lamp & sets to again before day light." At about the same time Margaret spoke thus about her different instructors: "Mr. Earnest & I are coming on *swimmingly* in our Latin. We also have an other young man, for Botany. Oh he's so handsome. It is Mr. Bigelow,—perhaps you have heard of him, he's very smart too." This refers to the Hon. John Bigelow, who on January 1, 1907, after seeing a copy of this extract, wrote:

"None of the numerous testimonials of the season with which, by virtue of my rather uncommon longevity I presume, I have been honored, has touched me so tenderly as the extract you have sent me of Margaret Johnston's note. I first met her at the Misses Green's School and at an age when a young man of 21, if ever, is susceptible of the charms of your sex. She was then the most attractive girl that had yet crossed my horizon. Nothing ever occurred to change the estimate I then



JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

formed of her, and which I hope you will pardon me for expressing in a learned language, especially as I shall use for my purpose what Lord Macaulay pronounced the finest lines in the Latin language. You may find them in the VIII. Eclogue of Virgil, 37th and following lines.

“‘Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala  
(Dux ergo vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.  
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam cepérat annus.  
Jam fragiles poteram ab terra contingere ramos.  
Ut vidi ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.’

“As ladies are not expected now to know Latin as in the days of Lady Jane Grey you will pardon me for trying to give the English of these lines though our inhospitable language—in my hands at least—is incapable of expressing all the merits attributed to them by Macaulay. It will however answer my present purpose.

“When thou wast but a child, I saw thee with thy mother gathering the luscious apples on our hedges; I was your guide, I had then just entered on the year next after eleven and barely able from the ground to reach the fragile boughs! How I stared, how I languished! How the dread intoxication overcame me.

John Bigelow.

her Confiteor.”

Margaret certainly was gay and vivacious, so that the suggestion of melancholy expressed in her letters to her young neighbor, Lydia Alley, must have been one of those brief affections sometimes assumed by



JOHN BIGELOW  
AGED TWENTY-TWO



very young ladies. "I was very happy on the passage, more so than I expected, not but that I had my gloomy moments, but I chased them away & allowed not the demon melancholy to take possession of me," she wrote to the friend of her bosom. Later she sends forth this impassioned question: "Lydia do you yet love me with your wonted enthusiasm? I know you do; I *must* feel the conviction, or give up all confidence in human friendship . . . Indeed I often think I am growing too dull. I want life. You will scold me on my return more than you used to for I talk less even than I did. But I cannot shake off my disinclination for conversation, & society."

That Margaret's melancholy was not very deep-seated is shown by a gay letter written from Sharon Springs to her brother in August, 1847. "I have been carrying on a flirtation with Gen. Cooper a married man . . . General Cooper got up a coach & four, with four outriders the other day, and took six of the ladies to Cherry Valley. I drove three miles coming home, sitting up on the high seat beside him. Four in hand is the highest to which I shall aspire. What think you of that?"

Her ideas of music, especially of "piano-playing," were original and amusing: "I knew you would give up your music. Indeed to any thinking minds the attention given to this branch of education, among our American girls, must come under the head of waste of time, when it is carried to such an excess. It is indeed very delicious to hear it, but it does not repay the time & labour. I am speaking particularly in reference to piano playing, I don't think we were sent

into the world to thump for hours a day on little bits of ivory—then call ourselves industrious. Is this serving God? or doing good to those around us?"

James, as has been said, was in Mr. Boorman's office, where he seemed to give satisfaction to everybody. His letters are extremely entertaining and he often illustrated them with clever pen-and-ink sketches. His mother was sorry he did not go to the various watering places with them and thought that "Little Jim might enjoy himself here very well if he would be content to find amusement for himself to play ninepins, ride, walk, etc." But "Jimbo," as he was sometimes called, did not care much for such things and preferred to travel about by himself, paying occasional visits to his family, though Saratoga, from which place he wrote the following letter could hardly have been very entertaining: "Me voici—in the Bar-room of the Congress Hall, thirsting for a Cobbler & afraid to ask for one at the Bar, for I have an awful suspicion that it is a Temperance house and I can detect no trace of any tippie stronger than Congress water in the room, and but little appearance of jollity in the population. There were a few very promising red noses set out as decoy ducks upon the Piazza as I came in, but I am afraid they belong to some more genial locality. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* . . . Poke Wright has just come in, he must surely drink Cobblers."

In his correspondence with his brother we often find jocose sentences such as, "I merely write to tell you that you are an *ass*," or "Of course the main object of my writing you is to give vent to the volcano of affection that burns in my bosom, but it also occurs to



JAMES BOORMAN JOHNSTON  
FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT  
1853





## WASHINGTON SQUARE

me that I deferred doing anything about the alteration in the stable . . . the redoubtable 'Pincher' had better be chained up while the men are at work, to prevent his running away and to preserve the integrity of Richardson's pantaloons—he is partial to broadcloth is that dog."

Jim's description of ordering a coat for his brother John shows that it was as difficult a matter in those days for men to select the colors for their clothes as it was for ladies: "The one I selected is an Olive, and I think a beautiful color—and particularly well suited to this season of the year—there was a bottle green there that was very pretty but I thought it too light, and only suitable in my opinion for the very middle of summer—and another tho' rather trifling objection to it was that those polished buttons you mention & which I think very pretty would not suit with it. These were the only two that I thought likely to suit you—there were some pretty browns, clarets, etc., but they look too warm for summer . . . the pockets as you wished lower than the waist . . . the edges corded & a velvet collar—the price \$30."



THE "OLIVE" COAT

The "Son John" having graduated from the University in 1839, went in the fall of that year to New Haven to attend the Yale Law School. His absence was a great deprivation to his parents, for "Jim," working busily in the counting-house, had to leave home early and return late, while "Mag," then at-

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

tending Miss Green's school, was studying hard, so that the father pathetically said, "Mother and I are solitary and alone."

He wrote to John at New Haven: "I am hardly yet reconciled to the vacancy of your place at table and I have every morning a desire to call 'John' at the top of the stair as I have long been accustomed to do. It is a sacrifice for me to part from you for so long a time but I hope it is for your good and I am therefore willing to make it . . . I hope my dear John, that you will bear in mind that, although you are not now under my eye, the eye of God is upon you and that you will therefore conduct yourself as you must answer to Him, for young as you are, it will not be long, even if your life is prolonged to the usual period of the longest life, until you appear before him and how few there are that reach their three score and ten! !

"Oh beware how you make the Sabbath a day for exercise and amusement for I have noted through life that this is generally the first step in the downward course and I never knew a man that had enjoyed the advantages of a Christian education that afterward despised and profaned the Sabbath that did not go to destruction."

And in another letter he said: "I sympathize with you in your feelings of loneliness, for I have known what it was to leave home and friends . . . You may rest assured that you are not forgotten and there is hardly an hour passes in which you are not in my thoughts and not a night in which the question is not between your mother and me, 'Where is John Taylor now? Is he in his room or at Aunt Sherman's?' At



JOHN JOHNSTON



dinner—"This would (or would not, as the case may be) please John Taylor." Indeed, John, it is impossible for you to know or conceive the yearnings of a parent's heart. As age creeps on, our friends, as you well remark, die off and it is to our children that we look for almost all the consolation that earth can give, and miserable indeed is that parent whose hopes in this respect are blighted."

These letters, as well as many others, illustrate John Johnston's strong feelings with regard to the keeping of the Sabbath. He never travelled on that day or allowed his children any recreation other than attending church two or three times, repeating the "Heads of Discourse" of the sermon just listened to, or reciting their catechism and hymns. The only exception noted was at Niagara Falls where he wrote, "Thinking it no harm to look at and admire the wonderful works of God, took a walk with my children up to the table rock to look down upon the falls." He carried this feeling about the correct observance of the Sabbath so far that he refused to meet the Pope in Rome because the Pontiff appointed a Sunday for the audience, and he was inexpressibly shocked by all that he saw taking place on that day in Paris.

With all this strictness he was not really stern. In fact, his tenderness is shown in the letters just quoted. The year following the loss of his child he wrote very lovingly and with evident anguish of the death of "my little Emily," always alluded to Margaret as "our dear little girl," was "much affected" every time he visited his mother's grave, and in tears when he sat upon the stone where in early days she used to teach



him his catechism. He, like many others, could express his tender feelings in writing, when he could not speak of them. His sons in this respect greatly resembled him.

In the summer of 1835 John Johnston's family decided to take him to the Virginia Hot Springs, as he was now "so lame as to be unable to walk a step without crutches." They took a steamboat at 9 A. M. to South Amboy, thence railroad cars to Bordentown, again a steamboat to Philadelphia, where they arrived at 6 P. M. and had to put up at a second rate hotel. The next morning they were "stirring with the Lark" and on board the steamboat for Newcastle at 5:30 A. M., from which place they went by railroad to Frenchtown, then took another steamboat to Baltimore, which they reached at 3:30 P. M., and not being completely worn out, drove around the town for a couple of hours!

The following day, they started at 9 A. M. in an "extra" stage for Washington, arrived in six hours, and again took an afternoon drive. That evening they slept on board the steamboat, and landed the next morning within nine miles of Fredericksburg. Here, by paying for ten seats for four people, they secured another "extra," and after travelling over "execrable" and "intolerably bad" roads arrived after four days, via Charlottesville and Staunton, at Warm Springs. It therefore took them seven long days of hard travelling from New York to reach their destination. Mr. Johnston, poor man, had been "so pounded as to feel very sore," and was "unable to rise without assistance." They remained in Virginia two months, visiting the White Sulphur and Hot Springs.

The return journey was even more arduous than the earlier one; "the stage was nearly over two or three times and we passed the spot where the mail had been upset this morning." Some of their friends who actually experienced such an upset had to spend the night by the stage in the woods. The baths not having much benefited Mr. Johnston's lameness, he became rather discouraged about the future and began to "fear the worst."

June, 1836, found them again on their way to Hot Springs, this time by way of Winchester, where they attended the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Johnston commented on a remarkable custom that prevailed there: "The ladies occupy the seats in the middle block of Pews, apart from the men, in order, I understand, to escape from the Tobacco juice so constantly ejected by the latter." Near Winchester the road was "almost impassable, the clay being again up to the hubs of the wheels and pools of water that almost set the Horses a swimming."

At Hot Springs they expected their party of four to have a double cabin of four tiny rooms—"but catch Dr. Goode at that," wrote Mrs. Johnston; "for no sooner had we our trunks &c. arranged than we received notice that the other part was engaged so we had to scrounge into one cabin." She complained bitterly because they had to pay "\$13 a week for the baths & board," and added, "I think it is shameful extravagance, but we must submit." Her husband also considered the food deplorably bad and gave an account of it to John: "Our Table is regularly served with tolerable tea, poor coffee, Hot rolls and tough

steaks at breakfast—at dinner we have mutton *boiled baked & roasted* with Potatoes about the size of Walnuts a few half boiled beets and a few cold string beans—and stale bread sour. This is our regular fare. I can hardly live on it . . . you would starve.”

Of his bath he said: “I got up at daybreak & repaired to my old spout, (of which I am to have the key every night by an agreement with Peter), where I had a comfortable bath & returned to bed again at 5:40,” adding a day or two later: “Deceived by the moonlight I got up to dress myself this morning for the Bath & when I had done so I looked at my watch & found it was only 2 o’clock! However persevered & had a very comfortable bath.”

On their return trip they drove to Guyandotte, from there took boat down the Ohio to Cincinnati, and again drove as far as Sandusky, where “after travelling nearly 60 hours without stopping except to change horses,” the doughty tourists wrote: “we felt rejoiced at the prospect of a night’s repose, but on our reaching the Hotel the bell of the Steam Boat was ringing her Passengers on board for Buffalo & as it was uncertain when there might be another opportunity of a good Boat, we reluctantly left the hotel with our baggage & went on board.”

From Buffalo they visited Niagara Falls and returned to their Washington Square home after a journey of nearly 2000 miles. Mr. Johnston declared: “It is surprising that altho we have thus travelled so far over miserable roads without regular sleep and with our minds often excited by fear, yet we are all quite well—Indeed I am much better.”



"THE CABINS"

HOT SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA

MR. JOHNSTON OCCUPIED THE ONE AT THE LEFT



## WASHINGTON SQUARE

But the improvement was only temporary and five fruitless years followed in a search for health. Virginia was revisited in 1837, but with little advantage to the invalid. In the two succeeding years the family tried Saratoga and Ballston Spa, and in 1840 Mr. Johnston announced his intention of going to Virginia once more. The Hot Springs, however, afforded him no relief, so they left and, as it were, shook its dust from their feet. Mrs. Johnston fired this parting shot: "Bade a final adieu to Dr. Goode & all the rest of the filthy set, for it seems a waste of time & money to come here as your father receives so little benefit."

In 1841 a few weeks were spent at Lebanon but the experiment was not a great success. Neither were the White Mountains of benefit, whither they went in the summer of 1842. After these ineffectual journeys they felt that there was nothing left but Europe, and consequently the following year they again "made a trip abroad."

## CHAPTER VIII

### LATTER DAYS

1843–1851

WHEN on September 25, 1843, John Johnston again took his family abroad, or, rather, was taken by them, for he was now very infirm, he exclaimed: “Oh how different my health and my feelings now when on the wrong side of sixty to what they were on former occasions, when with buoyant health and spirits I looked forward to new objects of interest.”

As before, the family went by sailing vessel to Liverpool, the ship carrying two hundred and thirty-two people all told—a greater number, as Mr. Johnston said, “than could be saved by boat in case of accident.” At Liverpool they took the train for London, where they met Mr. and Mrs. James Colles and their two daughters, Augusta and Frances. The Channel was crossed by way of Shoreham and Dieppe, at which latter place Mr. Johnston had much trouble with the customs. “As usual the officers made a great fuss about my evening apparel—and altho’ there were only two coats in my trunk, one of which I had occasionally used in



the U. States for more than a year, yet they made me pay duty on them." The officers also insisted on detaining his "paper case because they found some letters [of introduction] in it one of which was unfortunately sealed."

At Dieppe they took the diligence for Paris and the travellers noted a "curious mode of procedure with the Passengers. Instead of causing them to get out & go into the R. R. cars they hoist the Diligence from the wheels & drop it on those of the R. Road—again on arrival at Paris they replace it on wheels."

The Colles family had preceded them to Paris, and had engaged rooms for them at the Hotel Westminster, renting for themselves a handsome apartment at No. 9 Place de la Madeleine. Within a few days after his arrival Mr. Johnston had a very severe attack of gout, which affected first one part of his body and then another and made it impossible for them to leave Paris until four months later. During this time the two families saw a good deal of each other and became very friendly, although evidently "J. T. J." did not realize that he had met his fate in the person of Frances, the younger daughter. Augusta Colles had been at school with Margaret, and her brother's journal shows how mutual their interests continued to be. "Mother and Mag were engaged, with the assistance of Miss Colles . . . making their purchases, engaging dress-makers, and other preparations for the winter campaign . . . Mag commenced a short course of dancing lessons yesterday with the two Misses Colles & Miss Hunt at Mrs. Colles' apartments."

The young people were indefatigable in seeing the

sights of Paris. John and his brother, accompanied sometimes by their friends, Drs. Metcalfe and Punnett, who were studying medicine there, visited the Foundling Asylum, the Abattoir, the Gobelin manufactory, the Morgue, and of course all the picture galleries, libraries, etc. John, in particular, went to all the book and print stalls, where he purchased a large number of books. He bought a Galignani guide and visited each quarter of the city in turn—in fact, nothing more thorough than their sightseeing can be imagined. He and Jim saw a man guillotined, and he and Maggie were presented at court.

At the latter function Margaret was chaperoned by Mrs. James I. Roosevelt, and for it John had a “Court dress” made—“a single-breasted blue dress coat buttoned up to the chin, brass buttons, & embroidery on the collar, cuffs & flaps of pockets; white cassimere pantaloons with a gold stripe, chapeau bras, & sword.” His journal thus describes the levée:

“About 8 1|2 the King entered, followed at intervals by the Queen & the Duc de Nemours, the first & last being accompanied by aid-de-camps, the Queen by two Ladies of Honour. The presentees were ranged along the sides of the rooms according to the seniority in standing of their Ambassadors; as Uncle Sam has only a Chargé here at present, the Americans were the last to be presented . . .

“The King spoke to each of us in English & displayed a considerable knowledge of American affairs; the Queen (who told one of the party ‘I speaks English very unwell’) confined herself to French & spoke too low to be generally understood. Her hair is very

white; her general appearance is very prepossessing & motherly; Louis Philippe looks strong & hearty & as if he had a dozen years in him yet though he is now 73. He takes pains to be civil to the English & Americans. As a body the Americans looked very well both as to dress & manners."

At the "Italiens" John and Jim heard such great singers as Mario, Lablache and Persiani, and at the Théâtre Français had the pleasure of seeing Rachel. John thought the other actors and actresses "too French in their style of acting" but "Rachel," he said, "is very impressive; she has a very excellent voice, a fine tragic countenance though not beautiful, & expresses the deepest emotions without those external grimaces & contortions which to a Gaul are indispensable on all occasions." When he saw her at another time, he mentioned that "Rachel played in her usual neat style"—a strange way of alluding to the great tragedienne.

Mr. Johnston was much depressed by his severe and prolonged attack of gout. His son said, "Father . . . feels quite dispirited and sat all day hardly uttering a word;" and about the same time the latter wrote, "I feel out of sorts and home sick . . . my constitution much shattered cannot hold out much longer . . . I am rather under the influence of what is called the blues." This is as much of a complaint as is anywhere found in his writings, and in this respect his son John in later years, when he was ill and suffering, emulated his example.

Nothing daunted, the family started, as soon as Mr. Johnston was well enough, for Rome. Having hired

another large heavy carriage or "Berline," they drove via Lyons to Marseilles, thence went by sea to Civita Vecchia, and so arrived in Rome on March 20th. There, the weather being still cold, they soon drove on to Naples, escorted part of the way, as a precaution against brigands, by a mounted soldier. At Naples they exclaimed with joy, "We can now sit with open windows all day long . . . The outlook on the Bay is exactly what father wanted." After a few days the Colles family made their appearance in their coach, and as usual they all saw a great deal of each other and made many expeditions together.

One of these was a drive to Baia, of which excursion John writes, "At Baia some rustics danced the Tarentella for our especial gratification . . . We then refreshed ourselves with roasted oysters & after being nearly upset by our drunken coachman we turned our heads towards Naples. On the road Mr. Colles' coachman managed to run against a wall & snap off his pole & break his whiffle-tree whilst our pole went through his sword case." On another trip into the mountains very primitive means of locomotion prevailed; "all the horses were taken out from the carriage and four bullocks attached to it for 3 miles, which took 1 1/2 hours."

Returning via Rome and Florence, they took the same route as in 1832—Bologna, Venice, Milan, and over the Simplon to Geneva. In Venice Mr. Johnston, as before, found St. Marco "tawdry & confused," and remarked with reference to the loungers on the borders of the canals: "The Italians are certainly the most sleepy race I ever saw, except the negroes, & I suppose

it arises in both from the same cause, namely want of internal resources."

From Geneva they went directly to Wiesbaden, where they spent six weeks. Mr. Johnston drank the waters and took the baths regularly, after which John wrote in his diary: "It was determined that father should resume the use of Colchicum, as he seemed to remain in about the same state from day to day with a constant tendency to fever. This was tacitly giving up all hopes of his deriving benefit from the waters as the two are pronounced incompatible. Since then he has steadily improved." The improvement was but slight and the diary continues: "Father leaves this place much worse than when he arrived & it will take some time to place him where he then stood; but as the experiment of the use of the waters was one which might have done him good, we should all have felt unsatisfied if it had not been made." Colchicum was the only drug which had helped Mr. Johnston in the past, and in returning to its use the doctors greatly feared that the effects might in time wear off, in which case the patient would, indeed, be in a hopeless condition.

On August 26th they left Wiesbaden and proceeded to Cologne, where John Johnston thought that the Cathedral looked like a ruin and predicted that it would never be finished, as it would cost \$4,000,000 to accomplish that result. Leaving Cologne, they passed through Holland and Belgium to Paris, and after a two weeks' stay in the latter place started once more for Italy, travelling via Aix-les-Bains to Nice, and along the coast of the Mediterranean to Genoa, Pisa, Sienna

and Rome. During this journey they had an adventure, the journal account of which deserves to be quoted.

“Left Mentone at 7 1/4 o'clock amidst a torrent of rain, which, with slight intermissions, continued all day . . .

“The Hotel at St. Remo is a miserable one and we proceeded on our journey till we reached the River Ormea which although much swollen we passed with ease. We then proceeded through the small village of Arma to the River Capriolo, on approaching which we were informed, to our dismay, that it was impassable. After satisfying ourselves of this fact by actual observation we returned on our steps intending to sleep at St. Remo, but by the time we again reached the small river Ormea it had swollen to such an extent as to be also impassable. Here then were we in a sad dilemma—shut up between two rivers, unable either to advance or retreat—the rain pouring down on us and night coming on! As a last resource we drove back to the village and tried the miserable looking Houses in succession to see if any of them could take us in but none of them could do it, and there was no Inn in the place.

“In this dreadful predicament we stood in the road, expecting to sleep in our carriage, but not knowing what would become of the Horses, when our courier, directed by somebody, made application at the Chateau of the Proprietor of the village, who with great liberality at once desired him to bring us all to his House and he very kindly received us at his door amidst the pitiless pelting of the storm. His stable was not large enough



to receive our carriage—*that* remained in the road under protection of our courier, who slept in it—but we were nobly entertained and furnished with excellent beds so that we were much more comfortable than if we had reached St. Remo.

“The old Gentleman devoted his whole time to me which, however kindly meant, at last proved rather irksome, as his French was none of the best & mine still worse so that it cost an effort on both sides to maintain a conversation.”

The adieus a day or two later must have been trying to an undemonstrative Scot. “The parting,” his son wrote, “was à la mode Italienne, kissing on both cheeks not being confined to the females. It was amusing enough to see father & the old gentleman kissing & hugging like two boarding school misses.” They considered their hospitable lodgment a piece of great good fortune, for some English friends detained by the same storm had “had to pass the night in a miserable hut swarming with vermin and up to their ankles in water.”

The family arrived in Rome on November 1st, settled down in a delightful apartment on the Piazza di Spagna for a four-months stay, and did all the things that it was proper for a tourist family to do. Margaret’s portrait was of course cut in cameo, (price lira 17.50), John purchased the usual number of prints, casts, etc. (which still ornament his former country home at Plainfield, New Jersey) and Mr. Johnston, who could at that time have bought fine “old masters” for a mere song, gave an order instead for a picture with “St. Peter’s Cathedral in the background. In the front our



JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

servants in the costumes of the country and employed in the peculiar amusements of the place.”

They enjoyed a good deal of social life, but declined to meet His Holiness because he had appointed a Sunday for the audience. The following item written in John Johnston’s journal is of touching interest in view of what transpired years later: “Beyond the walls of the City we stopped to examine the English Burying Ground containing Shelley’s tomb, and the Protestant Burying Ground containing . . . that of Keats ‘whose name was writ in water.’” In this graveyard Margaret herself was laid in 1875.



ALEXANDER JOHNSTON  
AGED THIRTY-THREE

While the family were spending this winter in Rome, John and James had home letters telling of the critical state of their Uncle Alick’s health. In 1844 the latter had planned a long-anticipated visit to his Scotch home and hoped to realize his “dream of sailing on Loch Lomond, catching fish in Loch Catrine and chasing the Deer & the Roe on Brae Mar and the Grampian Hills.” He had written urging “Jack,” his old pedestrian companion, to join him, with “your Shoon well oiled, your knapsack on your back & your

cudgel in your hand . . . so that I may stretch your legs for you in the Highlands." Jack was travelling with his parents and Alick had had to take the trip alone, little thinking that it would be such a disastrous one for him. A neglected cold, caught while fishing, developed into consumption and he returned to America in a serious condition.

On hearing this news Margaret exclaimed, "Poor dear Alick, we have all been so uneasy and unhappy about him. How dull our Sundays would be without him." They were never again to spend them together, for when they reached home in July, 1845, Alick was hopelessly ill at the home of his brother Robert, in Paterson, New Jersey.

While in Rome, Mr. Johnston also learned through Mr. McMillan of the serious illness and death on April 6, 1845, of his old friend, William Johnston of Kirkcudbright. The latter was then nearly eighty years of age and had been very infirm for a long time. Alick, who had known him well and appreciated the tie which bound him to John Johnston, wrote to his nephew Jack: "And so poor old Willie Johnston of Kirkcubrie—as we used to call him) is Dead! How unfortunate that he cd. not be spared long enough to have seen your Father once more, I really think he wd. have given all he was worth for that one single priveledge—I never saw any man so completely wrapt up in another as he was in your father."

With their usual diligence the family went sight-seeing early and late and when they once more left Rome, felt as if they "were quitting home for a second

time." After three weeks in Naples, they returned by sea to Marseilles, and completed their sojourn on the Continent by a short stay in Paris. Mrs. Johnston and her sons had great pleasure in visiting the Louvre, where they "strolled down the Grand Gallery comparing the pictures with those by the same masters" which they had seen in Italy and elsewhere. Leaving Paris, they spent a couple of weeks in London, where they saw everything, from the new Houses of Parliament to Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works.

The time for returning home was now drawing near, and Mr. Johnston planned a farewell tour in the land of his birth. The "fast train" took them to Edinburgh across a "highly interesting and fertile country which it seemed a shame to hurry through at such a rate." After a few weeks at the latter place, during which time the young people spent a week seeing the Highlands, they all started for Glasgow to bid Mrs. Johnston's aunt and cousins adieu. A carriage was then procured and they drove all the way to Moffat, a method of progression which Mr. Johnston much preferred to the railroad train. He mentions the great spaces filled with "unenclosed sheep walks of vast extent . . . green and beautiful studded as they are with sheep browsing or lying at rest"—a particularly graphic description of the Scotch hills.

He did not visit his old haunts with the same enthusiasm as formerly. He was now very infirm, his father and stepmother were dead, the family scattered, and Millbank Cottage closed. His Aunt Jane Proudfoot also was no more, and the only element of brightness in this last trip lay in finding his Aunt Jane's

nephew, William Proudfoot, who had always lived with her, happily married to a "nice young wife" and settled in her old cottage.

The travellers reached Liverpool in due course, and for the first time in their lives boarded a steamship, the *Great Western*, sailing on July 5th, with one hundred and thirty passengers, among whom was their Paris friend, Dr. John T. Metcalfe, now engaged to Miss Augusta Colles.

They landed in New York on July 21, 1845, after an absence of nearly two years, and remembering their Custom House difficulties abroad, where half-worn clothes were rigorously examined and duty exacted and where the discovery of a sealed letter caused infinite vexation, young John said, "The examination of our baggage was only a formality; pity that the English & French Custom Houses would not go & do likewise." Such a comment could hardly be made at the present time.

On the dock they were, according to Mr. Johnston, "greeted by the news of another dreadful conflagration [second in importance only to the Great Fire of 1835] . . . My six stores in Broad St. & Exchange place are in ruins, and my fire stocks to the amount of nearly 50,000 rendered of little value, but I have great reason to be thankful I have enough left." His son's journal gave further details:

"The destructive extent of the fire was owing to a tremendous explosion in No. 38 Broad Street which proceeded as well as can be ascertained from an immense quantity of saltpetre stored in the building. So dreadful were the effects of this explosion that the

stores in the immediate vicinity were at once prostrated, burying many in their ruins, the doors & windows (iron) for some distance round driven in, & such openings made for the fire that it became almost irresistible. Broadway is burned on the East side from Exchange Place to Whitehall St. & so far as the flames extended not a building escaped."

The fire started in New Street on the night of July 19th, and worked through to the buildings on Broad Street, where the great explosion afterwards occurred. A "Joint Special Committee" was later appointed to examine witnesses with regard to the causes of the explosion, some of whom gave thrilling accounts of their experiences.

Timothy Waters, a fireman, described hearing the fire bells and starting with his engine in the middle of the night from the engine house—"only two of us having hold at first, but gained help on the way, so that we had about twenty men when we got to the fire." A bystander, Edward W. Rogers, told of his witnessing the disaster: "I had just time to turn round and have a good view of the scene, when the final explosion took place . . . Accompanying this last explosion was an immense body of flame, which appeared to fill nearly the whole block in Broad street, between Exchange and Beaver, and about seventy or eighty feet high; that swept across Broad street with the explosion, and I distinctly saw a number of the stores, on the opposite side of Broad street, fall to the ground as if thrown down by an earthquake. The walls seemed to fall in one mass."

Francis Hart, Jr., a fireman, testified: "I was . . .



VIEW OF THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.  
 Engraved by J. H. Johnson, from a drawing by J. H. Johnson, 1845.

THE EXPLOSION IN BROAD STREET

1845







on the rear of the fourth story of the chair factory in Broad street (No. 36) when that building took fire . . . when I undertook to go down, the flame and smoke were so great as to prevent my descending, and I went on the roof of the chair factory. I went along from that building to the corner of Broad and Exchange streets, breaking each sky-light as I proceeded over the roofs, but found no stairs leading from such sky-lights. Finding myself thus on the third building from the chair factory, without any means of getting down, I sat in the scuttle. I did not then consider myself in any danger. I had been there about five minutes, when I heard the first explosion—a species of rumbling sound—followed by a succession of others of the same kind. The gable of the house next to the corner shook with the first and each successive explosion, so that I had prepared myself, if it threatened to fall, to jump through the scuttle of the corner house. After the small explosions the great explosion took place, the noise of which seemed to be principally below me. I perceived the flames shooting across the street—I felt the building falling under me, and the roof moved around so that a corner of it caught on the opposite side of Exchange street, and was thrown off into Exchange street, but without any serious injury to my person. As far as I could judge, the whole roof that I was on moved in one piece, and the walls under it crumbled down beneath it.”

The picture of the explosion shown here is one of the “fire prints” of the time, taken from Wall Street looking south through Broad; the first opening on the right is Exchange Place, and the buildings on the

corner in the act of falling are those that belonged to John Johnston.

As soon as possible after the ground was cleared he erected large warehouses on this property, which about 1865 were altered into offices, the entire structure then being known as the "Johnston Building." In 1894 this was torn down and the present sixteen story granite edifice took its place. Many well-known firms were among Mr. Johnston's tenants in the old building, some of whom still have offices in the new one.

The family came home, however, to a sorrow far greater than that occasioned by the loss of these buildings—a sorrow for which they were not, however, entirely unprepared. Poor Alick, who had spent the winter in the South in the vain hope of restoring his health, had now been brought back by his brother Robert and was in the latter's home at Paterson, New Jersey. His two nephews went over to see him the second day after their landing and found him "sadly altered." Mr. Johnston also at the earliest moment visited Alick, Robert writing to the Scotch relatives: "My brother John made out a few days after his arrival to come down to see him but it cost him great exertion," adding, "some one or other of the boys is down once a week."

This bright, affectionate, jolly young fellow only lived until the following December. He had an intense love for his old home and requested that he should after death be taken to Scotland and buried near his mother. On the tombstone in Balmaghie Churchyard is written, "His body lyes here by his own desire."



JOHN, JAMES AND MARGARET  
1849



His nephew John was so fond of him that years later, in attempting to tell his son Herbert of Alick's death, he broke down and was unable to proceed—the only time his children ever knew him to be thus affected.

A year and a half after this, on August 11, 1847, Mr. Johnston lost his old friend George Johnston, who passed away, aged seventy-nine years. Even if the old gentleman had become "crusty and irascible," the former could never forget the many kindnesses shown to him in his early New York days, and it gave him a real satisfaction to have his lonely old friend laid in his own vault at Greenwood.

The two summers following the return from Europe, were spent at Sharon Springs. John Johnston's infirmities slowly increased and in 1847 he said: "I am now one year older & cannot expect that my complaints should be fewer." His journals and letters became little more than chronicles of ill-health, although he continued to dwell upon the brighter side. "I am still hopelessly lame and at times much pained . . . yet my general health is good and although incapable of free locomotion I can when I sit still reasonably enjoy life in the society of my friends or in reading or writing and as in worldly matters providence has made my cup to overflow, I have much—very much—to be thankful for & very little comparatively to complain of."

The courage and cheerfulness displayed by the parents under all circumstances enabled their children to have always beautiful memories of them. John once said of his father, "As to good spirits, in *that* he was

never lacking," and of his mother, who was left for so many years to be a joy to her children, "My Mother remains in excellent health & good spirits. She is as light on her feet as a young girl."

To this time belongs a daguerreotype of "Maggie and her friends" which John had made in 1847, principally, it is declared, because he was already interested in Fanny Colles and knew of no other way of securing her picture. After it was finished he claimed it as his own, which the girls considered a mean trick. Maggie formed the centre of the group—at her right, standing up, was Louise Alley, who later became Mrs. Thomas Whitaker. In front of her sat Phœbe Anna Thorne, the only one of the group now living; while next to her was Frances Colles, the object of all the deep scheming, soon to wed the young man himself. On Maggie's left, leaning against her, sat Caroline Greeley, who had already become Mrs. George Cornell; above was Charlotte Pearsall, who married Mr. Edwin Thorne; and on the end was Maggie's bosom friend, Lydia Alley, later Mrs. George Griswold, Jr. They were an engaging circle of young ladies and many of them were present at Margaret's wedding two years later.

Margaret was married on May 17, 1849, to John Bard, and in the before-mentioned "Dinner Party Book" her mother gives a description of the wedding: "A morning bridal party for my daughter and Mr. Bard. The day was lovely and our rooms were crowded with company. The ceremony took place at half past one o'clock and there were very few present—only our relatives and intimate friends—but our invitations to the reception were widely extended. The table was in



"MAGGIE AND HER FRIENDS"  
1847





the back room across the windows and stood all the time. It was very elegant and much admired." The young people went to live at their new home in the country, "Annandale," near Barrytown-on-Hudson, which left the parents very lonely.

This state of affairs was, however, somewhat alleviated shortly afterwards by John's marriage on May 15, 1850, to Frances Colles, the young couple having been invited to make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at No. 7 Washington Square. It is characteristic that the father should have presented a pew in the Grand Street Presbyterian Church to his son, as soon as he became engaged to an Episcopalian, lest he be tempted to wander away from the church of his fathers.

Three years and a half later, on October 13, 1853, James Boorman Johnston also married. His bride was Mary Hoppin Humphreys, daughter of Mr. May Humphreys, of Philadelphia, and the wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church in that city, the ceremony being performed by Dr. Stevens, later Bishop of Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnston did not, however, live to see his second son's marriage.

Only two months before Mr. Johnston's death, his first grandchild, the daughter of his son John, was born in his Washington Square home—an event which gave him much pleasure. He used to have the child put in a basket on the floor alongside of his chair, so that he could look down on the little one.

He was now a very great and constant sufferer, and when in his seventieth year death came, on April 16, 1851, it was, as he had often said it would be, "a great deliverance."

Samuel Johnston, who then lived at Barnboard Mill, John Johnston's birthplace, wrote of him, "one of the noblest and most generous souls ever the South of Scotland produced . . . You may well be proud of such a Father and I of such a Brother." His friend and kinsman, the Rev. John McMillan of Kirkcudbright, wrote a fine appreciation of his character, in which he declared that: "Few men have been more justly esteemed or more extensively useful . . . & the great day alone, I believe, will discover the extent of his liberalities & kindnesses."

The funeral took place at No. 7 Washington Square, and besides the eight pallbearers, there were invited to take part, as was the custom in those days, no fewer than eight clergymen and six physicians. His pastor and friend, the Rev. Joseph McElroy, who had been on intimate terms with him for so many years, made the funeral address, with some extracts from which it is appropriate that this sketch of his life should be brought to a close.

" . . . a man of sound and well-balanced mind. If less remarkable than some for those brilliant and striking qualities which dazzle and oft-times mislead, he was more remarkable than most for those better qualities which inspire confidence and elicit respect; and all his mental powers were expanded and improved by extensive reading and habits of reflection.

"He was a man amiable and cheerful in temper, a happy spirit, who always met you with a smile. And the happiness he felt himself he was anxious to impart to others. No man, even of the humblest walk in life,



MRS. JOHN JOHNSTON

1864



could approach him without feeling the kindness of his disposition.

“He was a man of unbending and incorruptible integrity—governed by moral principles in all the transactions of life. Extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits for nearly half a century, his probity and honor have been unimpeached and unimpeachable; and he has gone from among us, with the veneration of many, and the unfeigned respect of all who knew him.

“He was naturally a generous man, and for the gratification of this disposition Providence gave him ample means . . . and as riches increased, he did not set his heart upon them, but devoted them to their true uses—employed them as became a man of intelligent benevolence and warm-hearted piety. His benefactions were large, his charities were open-hearted and open-handed, embracing in their sphere the temporal necessities of his fellow creatures, the promotion of the cause of education and learning, and every object of Christian benevolence. He was always with the foremost in every good work; and never have I known a more ‘cheerful giver.’ Nor were his liberal contributions to such objects as those mentioned wholly the result of natural generosity. They proceeded from principle. He felt himself to be a steward, and that the hour of reckoning was approaching. Most forcibly was I struck with an observation which he made to me during the past winter, when referring to an investment which he had been urged to make, and which had been represented as likely to prove exceedingly profitable. ‘If’, said he, ‘I had been sure that that representation

JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK, MERCHANT

would be realized, I should not have made it. I have enough—as much as I wish to be answerable for’ . . .

“But ‘the heart knoweth his own bitterness.’ I have lost a friend. To part with such a friend in a world like this is no small matter.”



GENEALOGICAL  
TABLES





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## THE CHILDREN OF JOHN JOHNSTON OF BARNBOARD

- JOHN JOHNSTON, 1749—April 29, 1841.  
 1. Dorothea Proudfoot, 1780 (1758—June 1, 1794).
- I JOHN JOHNSTON, June 22, 1781—April 16, 1851. (See opposite table.)  
 1. Margaret Rae, 1795 (1776—April 26, 1841).
- II JESSIE (JANET) (April 22, 1796—March 11, 1818) died of consumption.
- III AGNES (NANNY) (December 31, 1797—January 13, 1884) married first George Nisbet and afterwards Thomas Maxwell. She lived at Dalbeattie and had in all seven children, one of whom, Mrs. Joseph Newall, still resides there.
- IV WILLIAM (April 22, 1800—died at some date between 1837 and 1841) married Elizabeth Davidson on March 12, 1829. He went to America in 1819 and was engaged in business in Petersburg, Virginia, where he had a partner named Arthur Johnston. At the time of his death he left one daughter, Mary E., who was afterwards educated and taken care of by her uncle Robert in his home at Paterson, New Jersey.
- V SAMUEL (July 7, 1802—March 19, 1890) married Hannah Barrow, an English Quakeress, and had a family of nine children. He lived for a long time in Birmingham, England, but after his father's death returned to Scotland and occupied at various times both Barnboard, or as he called it, "Glentoo" mill, and Millbank mill. His daughter, Agnes N. Johnston, still owns Millbank cottage, and lives there with his son Robert. His daughter Dorothea, Mrs. Henry Maclellan, lives near-by in Castle Douglas.
- VI ROBERT (July 7, 1804—June 28, 1848) never married. He went to New York in 1821 and some years later was engaged in a commission business in Richmond, Virginia, under the firm name of Triplett & Johnston. Afterwards in New York he was a partner of Silas Wood and Francis Burritt, and still later built the Dolphin Mills at Paterson, New Jersey, and conducted a successful business there in the manufacture of hemp bagging, etc. He was killed during the destruction by fire of the Paterson church, while aiding in an attempt to save the organ.
- VII JAMES (July 29, 1806—May 6, 1859) married Mary Cooper, an Englishwoman. He, as well as Samuel, was in business in Birmingham. Later, he also returned to Scotland and lived at Dalbeattie. He had six children, of whom one daughter, Clara Johnston, still lives there.
- VIII JEANIE (May 25, 1808—September 25, 1808).
- IX ALEXANDER (June 14, 1810—December 12, 1845) never married. He was for a short time with his brother Samuel in England before coming to America. In 1835 he sailed for Charleston and remained in the South for a year or two, engaged in the cotton business. Later, in New York, he was a head clerk in the commission house of Wood, Johnston & Burritt, of which his brother Robert was a partner. He became a partner himself in 1841, when his brother moved to Paterson, and the firm was then called Burritt & Johnston.  
 During a visit to Scotland in the summer of 1844 he contracted a cold which developed into "a consumption." He lived until December, 1845, and was interred, according to his own request, in Balmaghie Kirkyard.
- X MARGARET (March 18, 1813—April 11, 1890) was the only one still remaining at home at the time of her parents' death. She afterwards married George Carruthers and had ten children. They lived at Ashby de la Zouch, England, and later at Durham-Kirkpatrick, Scotland. After her husband's death she returned to England, and some of her children still live at Ashby de la Zouch.
- XI DOROTHEA (DOLLY) (March 18, 1816—March 13, 1849) married James Barker and lived in England. She had seven children, who all died, the last one in 1860.

## DESCENDANTS OF JOHN JOHNSTON OF NEW YORK

- JOHN JOHNSTON, June 22, 1781—Apr. 16, 1851.  
 m. Margaret Taylor, Sept. 2, 1817 (Sept. 10, 1784—Dec. 12, 1879).
- JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Apr. 8, 1820—Mar. 24, 1893.  
 m. Frances Colles, May 15, 1850 (Apr. 29, 1826—July 20, 1888)
- EMILY JOHNSTON, Feb. 13, 1851—  
 m. Robert Weeks de Forest, Nov. 12, 1872 (Apr. 25, 1848—  
 JOHNSTON DE FOREST, Sept. 5, 1873—  
 m. Natalie Coffin Oct. 6, 1904 (Oct. 30, 1888—Apr. 26, 1906).
- HENRY LOCKWOOD DE FOREST Aug. 6, 1875—  
 m. Amy B. Brown, Aug. 24, 1899 (Apr. 28, 1878—  
 MAY DE FOREST, Mar. 27, 1902—  
 EMILY JOHNSTON DE FOREST 2nd, May 22, 1903—
- ETHEL DE FOREST, Mar. 15, 1877—  
 m. Allen Earle Whitman, Oct. 1, 1907 (March 28, 1872—  
 ALLEN EARLE WHITMAN Jr., Sept. 26, 1908—
- FRANCES EMILY DE FOREST, Dec. 24, 1878—  
 m. William Adams Walker Stewart, May 1, 1900 (Sept. 10, 1876—  
 FRANCES DOROTHY STEWART, Apr. 1, 1901—  
 ETHEL DE FOREST STEWART, Aug. 4, 1902—  
 WILLIAM ADAMS WALKER STEWART, Jr., Sept. 21, 1903—  
 EDWARD SHELTON STEWART, Oct. 10, 1905—
- COLLES JOHNSTON, Mar. 14, 1853—Sept. 11, 1886.
- JOHN HERBERT JOHNSTON, Feb. 22, 1855—  
 m. Celestine Noël, May 23, 1892.
- EMILIE NOËL JOHNSTON, Jan. 23, 1894—
- FRANCES JOHNSTON, Jan. 9, 1857—  
 m. Pierre Mali, Apr. 30, 1892.
- JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON MALL, Mar. 27, 1893—  
 GERTRUDE MALL, Apr. 22, 1894—  
 EVA MALL, Dec. 5, 1895—  
 HENRY JULIAN MALL, Aug. 11, 1899—
- EVA JOHNSTON, Sept. 19, 1866—  
 m. Henry Eugene Coe, Nov. 27, 1888.
- EMILY COE, Nov. 21, 1889—  
 ROSALIE COE, Sept. 26, 1891—  
 COLLES JOHNSTON COE, Mar. 28, 1893—  
 HENRY EUGENE COE, Jr., Oct. 2, 1894—
- ANDREW TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Nov. 13, 1821—Mar. 14, 1822
- JAMES BOORMAN JOHNSTON, Dec. 30, 1822—Sept. 26, 1887.  
 m. Mary Hoppin Humphreys, Oct. 13, 1853.
- MARY HUMPHREYS JOHNSTON, Sept. 4, 1854—  
 MARGARET TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Sept. 24, 1855—  
 JOHN HUMPHREYS JOHNSTON, Nov. 2, 1857—  
 m. Annie Lazarus, June 21, 1899.
- MARGARET TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Nov. 23, 1825—Apr. 10, 1875.  
 m. John Bard, May 17, 1849.
- EMILY BARD, July 12, 1851—  
 m. Charles B. Lutyens, Sept. 28, 1886.
- CHARLES GRAEME LUTYENS, July 11, 1887—  
 LIONEL GALLIVEY LUTYENS, Dec. 30, 1889—  
 EADRED JOHN TENNANT LUTYENS, July 1, 1891—  
 EDERBY GORDON LUTYENS, July 16, 1890—  
 MARGARET SYLVIA De N. LUTYENS, Aug. 11, 1895—
- CAROLINE BARD, Feb. 15, 1855—Nov. 17, 1879.
- WILLIAM BARD, Feb. 29, 1856—Feb. 17, 1868.
- ROSALIE DE NORMANDIE BARD, Sept. 15, 1867—  
 m. Charles A. Moran, Oct. 14, 1891.
- ROSALIE BARD MORAN, Sept. 27, 1892—  
 CHARLES BLAKE MORAN, June 30, 1894—  
 BARD MORAN, July 26, 1900—  
 ANSON BLAKE MORAN, Jan. 6, 1902—  
 ELIZABETH MORAN, Feb. 2, 1904—
- EMILY PROUDFOOT JOHNSTON, Sept. 10, 1827—May 30, 1831.



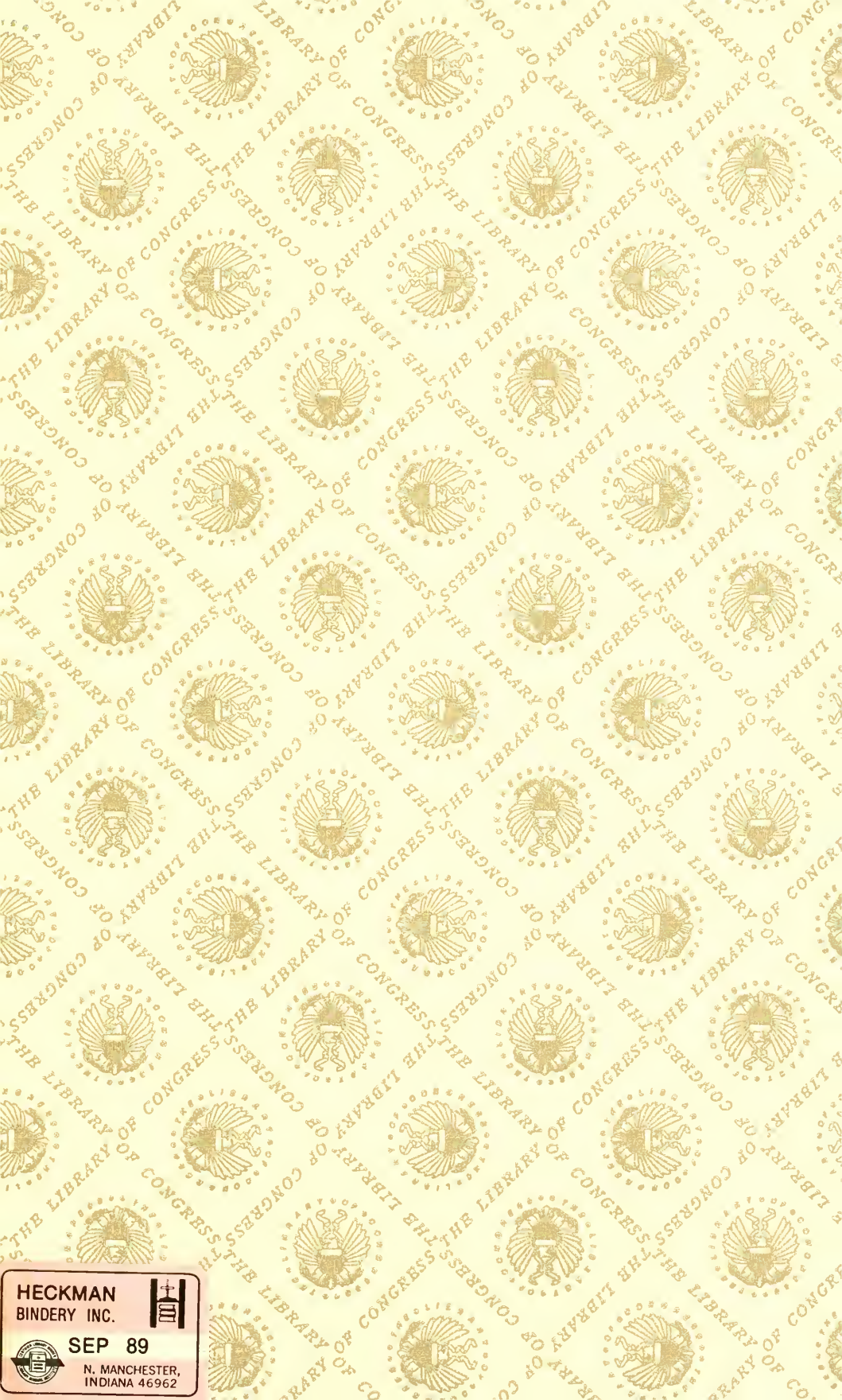












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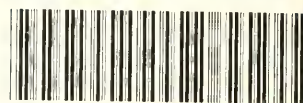
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